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A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

LAW REFORM.

LITIGATION is a great evil, to the parties engaged and to the community. Many modes of lessening it are from time to time proposed: courts of conciliation, arbitration, heavy costs, restraints upon access to the higher courts. All seem to be either ineffectual or unjust. The formidable mass of litigation in this state is said by some to be due to the Code of Procedure. That Code has greatly simplified legal proceedings, which is a very positive and very great good in itself; it would not be wise to go back to the absurd old forms in the hope that we might lessen to some extent the number of lawsuits. There is a very effectual and very fair way of getting rid of a vast amount of litigation, to wit, to declare that for the future a large class of contracts shall be outside of the jurisdiction of the courts. It is many years since the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts was first advocated. The objection has been made that the Constitution of the United States forbids the passage of laws by the states impairing the obligation of contracts. It is no infringement nor evasion of this provision for the state to declare what contracts shall for the future be lawful; nor is it an infringement to abolish old forms of remedies for breach of contract and to substitute new ones or to substitute none. Existing contracts cannot be impaired by state laws; and where, as in the case of stay laws, an existing contract is in fact altered in its terms by extending the time of its legal maturity, then the law is void, because, although professing to apply itself only to the remedy, it does, in fact, change the substance of the contract. It is clearly within the province of the state government to say what contracts shall, for the future, be lawful, and to abstain from providing remedies for such as are not lawful. All the states have exerted this power from the beginning. Some declare lotteries unlawful, and leave the holder of a lottery ticket, which is a written contract to pay money in a certain event, without remedy for a breach of this contract. Others, most of them, make all contracts for the payment of interest at rates beyond certain limits unlawful and void and without remedy in the courts for the recovery of such interest. So, in this state, certain time contracts, which stock-brokers were in the habit of making, were at one time declared to be unlawful and not to be enforced by the courts. No one has ever questioned the conformity of all this with the Constitution. In like manner, this state may declare that all contracts of pure credit shall, for the future, be unlawful, and leave the parties without remedy except in the honor of each other, the force of public opinion, and their own vigilance.

That public opinion is more effectual for the enforcement of contracts than the ordinary courts of justice is proved by the completeness with which specie payments are enforced in California, the ease with which unlawful gambling debts and wagers are everywhere collected, and the prompt settlement of brokers' time contracts while they were unlawful. Whenever the courts are not allowed to meddle, the enforcement of contracts seems to be prompt, rigid, certain. Every government is bound to protect its members from wrong to person or property. But it may well be questioned whether it is the province of government to protect men against their own voluntary acts. Is the state bound to interfere between two parties when there has been no force or fraud, but by mutual and free consent property has passed from the ownership or possession of one to that of another? A merchant delivers a hundred hogheads of sugar to a grocer upon the grocer's promise to pay at the end of six months. He gives the absolute ownership up to the grocer, with the full right to sell the sugar again to whom he will. If the grocer do not pay at the end of six months, is this a case in which society is bound to tax itself to provide expensive machinery whereby to give one man a remedy for his own error in

trusting another? Are his neighbors bound to spend their time as jurymen to help him against the consequences of his disposition of his own property? It seems to us there is a very clearly marked line dividing the two classes of cases—those in which society is bound to interfere, and those with which it has no concern. Against robbery by violence or stealing while one is asleep or away, against the taking of property without the owner's will, the community is bound to protect its members. But if the owner voluntarily entrusts his property to a thief, there is no obligation on any one else to help him recover it. If the public authorities appoint an administrator of the property of infants or guardians or trustees of the funds of others, the state is bound to see that such persons—its own selected agents, imposed by its force—do their duty faithfully. But when a man chooses an executor for himself, a guardian for his children, a trustee for their property, an attorney in fact for his own property, or an agent of any kind, there is no good reason why his neighbors should be taxed in time or money to cure his mistakes in his own affairs. All the laws which punish clerks and others for embezzlement might, with entire justice to every one, be dispensed with; for in such cases the owner of the property has voluntarily parted with its possession; it has not been taken from him by force nor against his will. The owner of the property chose to trust to the honesty of an agent freely selected by himself; he has no right to call upon others to bear any of the inconveniences of a mistake, if he made one.

If a provision of law could be put in clear and simple shape by which all contracts of pure credit, all contracts where one man freely and voluntarily trusted another, should be declared unlawful, so as to take them utterly out of the courts, we should reduce the mass of litigation by one-half at least, perhaps by a much larger proportion. This would be a positive good in itself. Against this good, it will be said, we must set the many cases of fraud which would occur without any remedy. The cases of fraud would be fewer than they are now. In the first place, every one would select his agents and his debtors with more care; in the second place, fiduciary agents would be better paid, because of a general anxiety to get the best; in the third place, agents and debtors would be more faithful, because want of fidelity to a trust would be punished by society with remorseless, unforgiving cruelty. Society is instinctively unmerciful to sins which injure it and which are not punished or cannot be reached by the laws; as witness its treatment of fallen women. Character would have a higher pecuniary value than it has now, to the great improvement of the moral tone of society. Many a rich rogue, now trusted only because of his wealth, would find himself powerless to command a dollar on mere credit; on the other hand, many an honest man, now scraping hard for a living, would find his services in ready demand at good pay. So far from increasing the number of frauds, the leaving of credit to regulate itself and the enforcement of its own contracts would, at the same time that it lessened the mass of litigation, improve the moral tone of society by giving honest men a more equal chance with rogues than they now have—in fact, by putting them above the rogues in credit and in power. It is difficult, perhaps, to define, in brief terms, the dividing line between contracts which the law ought to enforce and those which it would more wisely leave to be enforced only by public opinion. If we are right in principle, and if there be a just and wise dividing line, the members of the Constitutional Convention are, no doubt, equal to describing it in words.

THE GROWING TASTE FOR GAMBLING.

HOMER tells us that the goddess Calamity is delicate and that her feet are tender. "Her feet are soft," he says, "for she treads not upon the ground, but makes her path upon the heads of men." We may imagine irony here, but the metaphor carries a serious truth. The great bulk of human calamity springs from human weakness which crystallizes in the form of habit. Subtle and insidious, with a footfall more noiseless than snow and a chain stronger than steel, it creeps upon the firmest and proudest of mankind and oftentimes has them prostrate and ir-

revocably bound before they have even a suspicion of the sinister approach. Intellect of the loftiest order seems, indeed, quite as frequently to invite as to repel the destructive mastery of habit. We have but to remember the awful struggles of De Quincey, the pitiful degradation of Addison, the helpless slavery of Sheridan and Fox, to be assured of this, and have no need to refer to sadly numerous instances in our own generation for evidence of the implacable grasp which habit may attain upon the brightest and best of our species. None, therefore, are exempt from the chance of downfall, and the only wise course is that which is directed by an apprehensive circumspection which, conscious of danger on every side, omits no rational precaution to avoid it.

We have been led into this train of reflection by hearing that a society for the prevention or discouragement of gambling has lately been established in this city. Our knowledge of the fact is solely derived from the daily press, and we are not informed of its proposed methods of operation, or the auspices under which they are to be directed. In common with others who watch the current of metropolitan life, and who are cognizant of many things which move and grow beneath its surface, we are, however, too well aware how extensive is the field in which such a society may usefully operate, and how disastrous are the ravages which the growing spirit of gambling has made, and threatens to make, throughout all ranks of the community. Even the chance observer must perceive in our streets the increase of the wretched pest-holes called "Exchange" offices, which are simply the depots where tickets for illicit lotteries are sold, usually to the poorer classes. The business transacted in these places is said to be very large and constantly increasing. Faro-banks and "keno" tables furnish resorts for wealthier gamblers, and play at various clubs is frightfully increasing in extent and desperation. Comparatively little of the mischief wrought by this evil is brought before the public eye. Now and then some poor wretch commits suicide in one of the hells, a bank officer defaults for a large sum, or, generally on the poorest places, the police make a "descent," and temporarily check the practice of gambling in a particular locality. Such occurrences are reported in the newspapers, create a thrill of horror, surprise, or gratulation, and next day are forgotten. It is notorious to the initiated that these things are but drops in the bucket, and the rich and powerful black-legs, whether they ply their trade through faro-banks or lottery offices, are never molested. The sad but inevitable inference is that those who have the means and the tact judiciously to give bribes may practise their nefarious calling as safely as if it were the most honest and unexceptionable traffic. The result of such conditions is deplorable enough; but unhappily they do not cover all the field in which the rage for gambling finds room to spread and to poison the moral atmosphere. A taste for hazard, stimulated by the expanded currency, by the wild excitement of the past few years, and by the uncertain fluctuations of legitimate business, has developed of late with alarming rapidity; and thousands who formerly would not have risked a dollar on the Stock Exchange are now daily imperilling fortune and happiness in speculations scarcely less treacherous and quite as seductive as those of the faro-bank itself. Any clear-headed man can see what the aggregate consequences of such speculation must be; but the same infatuation which inspires more flagrant gambling leads individuals to hope that their case will be the fortunate exception. The end will be found in a vortex of widespread calamity; but a certain small number will come out rich, and none can be sure whom the select few may include.

It may be said, and with some justice, that New York is not in these respects in an exceptional position, and that what goes on here goes on also in Paris and London. This is true so far as gambling in stocks is concerned, but it is not true as regards the rest. Gaming-tables and lottery offices are vastly more numerous, relatively to population, here than in either of those cities, and there remains to be considered one source of mischief which, reversing the condition of twenty years ago, is becoming with us

much more pervasive and ominous. We refer to gambling in the domestic circle. It is so easy to exaggerate in dealing with such a subject, and, on the other hand, so difficult to prove a negative, that discussion may fail to induce conviction, especially as it is so manifestly impossible to enforce it by the citation of particular facts. We think it our duty, notwithstanding, to express the belief that private gambling at family hearths has never yet been so prevalent in any part of the country as it is in the metropolis to-day, and that it is, moreover, in a great measure confined to the highest and wealthiest class. Our belief is partly founded on excellent testimony, and, in a much less degree, on personal observation. The gradations have doubtless been numerous enough; but high play—play, that is, which would be considered high at a place like Baden—has certainly been of late carried on at the private houses of reputable and wealthy individuals in and near the Fifth Avenue; and this not as an exceptional but a more or less regular thing. For obvious reasons we forbear to enter upon details; but the evidence at our disposal is conclusive, and can be furnished if necessary. There is little need to point out the pitiable consequences such habits as these promise to bring upon the moral health of the community. A warning has often more effect than a homily. The spirit of gambling has taken a dangerous hold, and the society for its prevention or discouragement is established not a day too soon.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION.

OUR incoming crops are abundant. We should, therefore, feel rich, because the feelings ought to accord with the reality; and abundance of the necessities of life is wealth—that is to say, a condition of well-being. It is not unlikely, however, that as this abundance will make low prices for agricultural products, the farmers will soon be grumbling. It is hard to get established in the general mind that abundance of the good things of life is wealth. Such teachers as *The Tribune* of this city are ever hammering upon the common brain that the dearer we can make iron and clothes and fuel, the richer will the people be. Never did our people, misled by false teachings, feel themselves so impoverished as when, just before the election of President Harrison, wheat flour was at three dollars a barrel. The then existing administration was turned out simply upon this ground, that the best of human food, wheat, was too cheap. Next winter, when we shall have more wheat and corn than we can eat, and shall be glad to sell the surplus to the foreigner, *The Tribune* will be prating about the importance of a home market. It will not surprise us if, in the midst of the abundance of next autumn and winter, we hear more grumbling against taxation than we have yet heard. Yet it is clear this abundant crop ought to be an element of strength and comfort in our financial condition. At the same time with this promise of large crops here we have news of a great accumulation of money in England, seeking employment at low rates of interest, and of not very promising harvests in Europe. Our heavy crops will have to be carried to market, and with this prospect railroad stocks have advanced in price. The money market here is so easy that borrowers on government securities demand, and in some instances effect, loans at three per cent. per annum. All this is indicative of easy times, but not necessarily of wholesome progress. It is indicative, in fact, of a spirit of distrust in the midst of our abundance. Capital in the West and South could be employed to yield ten to fifteen per cent. per annum. Here it yields only three to six—in England two to three. The interruption of the natural flow of capital from those who have much to those who have little, but have use for much, can only be accounted for by distrust. If the machinery of trade and credit were in good condition, this flow would be going on from England to New York, and from New York to the West and South, equalizing more nearly the rates of interest. The least prosperous times are those when money is cheap, because then it is idle; this country is most rapidly adding to its wealth when money in New York is eagerly sought at seven per cent. per annum.

The spirit of the present times is to seek security

rather than profit; to avoid risk of losing what one has rather than to add to one's means by enterprise. This is a condition of things explained only in one way—there is want of proper confidence. While private persons can borrow for a short time, on the security of government bonds, at three per cent. per annum, provided they give enough of them to meet a possible fall in their value, the government itself is obliged to pay over eight per cent. per annum on its loans. The unsettled political condition of the South will account for this state of distrust so far as that region is concerned. But the rest of the country is free from any political obstacles to the natural flow of capital. Every one will tell you there is no security so good as government bonds; but if every one really believes so, why does not every one act as if he believed it? The best security ought to pay the lowest interest; whereas government bonds, including their exemption from taxation, pay higher rates than other public stocks. It is clear that our own people think there is more risk connected with government bonds than with other stocks, else they would sell out their other stocks and invest in governments, and so equalize the prices and the returns from the several investments. To a man living in this city and subject to three per cent. per annum tax on the principal of his investments, a government bond which, while it was free from taxation, yielded only four per cent. per annum, would be as good as a bond and mortgage, or a Brooklyn city bond, or a New York bounty bond, which pay seven. While these last securities are taken at par, subject to taxation, it is very plain that the government, if it were in good credit, could borrow money at four per cent.—easily at five. It is a simple calculation how much it costs us now, when government is paying eight per cent., to have the Treasury, as it is, in very bad credit. We say in very bad credit, for this great, productive, rich, strong, youthful, fast-growing country is in very low credit indeed when it keeps itself on a par with poor, effete, decaying Turkey. The public bonds of Turkey and those of the United States are at the same price in the public markets of the world. The world knows very well that we are much better able to pay our debts than is Turkey; it must therefore be the general opinion that we are not quite so honest as the Turks. The discredit of the Treasury is the cause of the general distrust which embarrasses trade and hinders enterprise. The paper dollar of the Treasury is now our means of exchanging and valuing all property. So long as this is uncertain and fluctuating, so long as our money has no certain, fixed, and permanent value, so long must we be subject to general embarrassment from want of confidence. The incoming crops and our gold products together will afford us ample means to send abroad, in order to bring back what we need from other nations; and it is not unlikely that we may have next year an active trade, as this year we have had a dull one. But it will be followed immediately by another year of depression, and thus we shall go on, just as they did in England from 1815 to 1825, with alternating spasms of hope and dread, the fits of dread growing always stronger, if we do nothing to make our public promises good. The contraction policy has come to an early stand-still. Nothing is substituted for it. We shall find out some day, by bitter experience, that the most costly thing a people can indulge themselves with is an incompetent minister of finance.

LIFE INSURANCE.

A RESOLUTION lately offered to the Constitutional Convention by the Hon. George Opdyke respecting policies of life insurance, is attracting a good deal of attention, and will, we trust, be favorably considered. It is analogous in principle to the Homestead act, and is couched in the following terms:

"That a whole life policy of insurance, with equal annual premiums during life, for a sum not exceeding \$10,000, payable at death to the wife and children of the insured, or any or either of them, may, if so originally declared in the policy, become and shall be exempt from the claims of the husband's creditors."

A law already exists which includes this provision; but Mr. Opdyke's proposal aims, by embodying it in the Constitution, to place it beyond the chances of repeal—a point obviously of great importance.

Pending debate on this interesting subject, we have a few remarks to offer of a general character which the introduction of this resolution naturally suggests.

We consider the advantages of life insurance to be so great, and at the same time, in a comparative sense, so little appreciated, that we feel bound from time to time to call attention to the subject and, so far as we are able, to arouse interest respecting it among the public we address. It is well known that the principles and benefits of life insurance have hitherto been so much better understood in England than in the United States that a much larger ratio of the population of the former country have availed of and are now enjoying them. We write without having tables of statistics at hand, but our impression is that the number of lives insured in the British Islands is to the number insured in this country—regard being had to relative population—as five to one. It is, perhaps, natural where population is more compact and where capital is at once more abundant and less easily simulated that the advantages proffered by life companies should be more frequently accepted; but it is, nevertheless, demonstrable that in a comparison of the average situation of the population of the two countries there are greater reasons for insuring life in America than in England.

It is not necessary to become an alarmist to acknowledge that just as the profits of trade are greater and swifter in a new than in an old country, so also are its risks more hazardous and its fruits more precarious. In London a man establishing himself in a given traffic expects to consume years before arriving in it at large returns; but when they once are reached, he looks for a life-long continuance as well as a progressive increase. In New York, in a similar case, the adventurer expects to see the first rays of the sun of fortune within a twelvemonth from the time he pitches his tent; and if a couple of years roll by and he still reaps no more than a living, he concludes that he has made a failure. Without entering into the philosophy of these differences, and admitting in a general way that they are so far incident to different situations as to call neither for praise nor blame, we must concede that business pursuits in America are more precarious than they are in England. If, however, this point be admitted, it follows that a greater and not a lesser portion of the population ought, by all moral and prudential considerations, to guard their families against prospective disaster by every possible means with ourselves, than with the English.

Moral responsibility must in such cases vary in direct proportion to the obvious risks involved. A man who knows that, happen what will, he must leave a considerable landed estate to his wife and children, may be excused if by abstaining to take out a policy he neglects the surety of providing them, in the event of his decease, with a sum of ready money. Another who has entirely withdrawn from active pursuits and who no longer incurs large risks for the chances of large profits, may depend with reasonable assurance upon the permanency of his acquired property and is not necessarily to be censured for declining to hamper his income with periodic drawbacks. With the great majority, however, the chances of vicissitude are much more numerous than in these cases or others like them; in America especially the larger fraction of individuals, whatever their occupation, fail in it at some period in their career; and although a larger number recover themselves here than there, as might naturally be expected, a certain number are unable thereafter to do so. In all human probability many thousands of merchants and other business men will fail in this country during the next two years. How many of these prospective unfortunates have their lives insured at this moment? It is certain but a very small proportion, and that numbers will always bitterly regret, on finding themselves unable again to climb the hill down which they have fallen, that the loved ones they have reared and maintained in luxurious refinement must encounter, in the most expectable of contingencies, a future life of struggle, hardship, and misery.

The sufferings endured by delicate and sensitive persons who, accustomed to affluence, find themselves unexpectedly called upon to meet poverty, are among the most acute known to human experience. Only those who have felt such sufferings can altogether

appreciate their poignancy. In romance people bear up heroically under circumstances like these, and occasionally they do so in real life. But anguish is not always less felt because the cross is bravely borne, and it is certain that no man has a right to impose such a cross upon those he leaves behind, except he be under most stringent necessity. The resource in all doubtful cases lies in life insurance. There are few so poor but they can pay the needful premiums, and he who makes this plea is generally precisely the one who ought to take the precaution. A few cigars less, the omission of a few bottles of wine, nay, even the practice of walking up and down town instead of paying for cars, or omnibuses, will save enough for the policy; and although it may be objected that the very sacrifices made to procure it are likely to postpone the hour of its prospective utility, the argument is not one by which life-loving man is most apt to be affected.

There are some persons so constituted as to be incapable of genuine altruistic feelings; persons whom habit and a regard for conventionality may induce to conform in a general way with the rules which prescribe an appearance of regard and consideration for others, but who are in truth so supremely egoistical as to be incapable of such feelings below the surface. Such people always say to themselves, "After me, the deluge." What matter how this world goes or who suffers in it after the beloved *me* has been removed to another one? Wife, children, dependents may suffer, it is true; but minor griefs should be absorbed, swallowed up, and forgotten in the magnitude of the major and irreparable loss. The mental processes of this class of individuals touching such subjects end in a kind of stultification wherein, in the event of their decrease, all who belong to them come, if not to a physical, to a moral and social end. It is usually idle to try to persuade such men to insure their lives; they may, however, occasionally be shamed into it, just as may the cowards who refuse to insure through the superstitious fear that their deaths will be hastened because somebody will profit by them.

The possibility at any time of epidemic disease is another and highly important consideration which men who have families dependent on their immediate exertions for support should not fail to take into account. From casualties arising from such a contingency none, not even the strongest and hardiest, can be entirely exempt. Temperance, cleanliness, exercise are valuable preventives, but they cannot be said to be absolute or unfailing ones. The motives, however, which should prompt men to insure their lives—especially professional men of moderate fixed incomes—are so many as not to be easily described in limits like those of the present article. We trust, we repeat, that Mr. Opydyke's resolution will be carefully deliberated upon and receive the consideration which its importance deserves. Should it be embodied in the Constitution, life insurance in this state will receive a powerful and salutary impetus.

Since the above was in type, our attention has been directed to the fact that the New York Life Insurance Company offer to secure to the public at the present time the advantages prospectively contemplated by Mr. Opydyke's resolution.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

IN that charming series of essays called *The Roundabout Papers* there is one *On Ribbons*, in Thackeray's best vein, wherein the origin of the Legion of Honor is thus set forth: "The uncle of the present Sir Louis N. Bonaparte, K.G., etc., inaugurated his reign as emperor over the neighboring nation by establishing an Order to which all citizens of his country, military, naval, and civil—all men most distinguished in science, letters, arts, and commerce—were admitted. The emblem of the Order was but a piece of ribbon, more or less long or broad, with a toy at the end of it." This was called the Legion of Honor. In course of time it came to be less exclusive, and to-day all citizens of every country distinguished for anything are eligible to its ranks. And so it happens that many of our fellow citizens have been decorated with its insignia, perhaps by the august hand of the good Sir Louis himself, and their names enrolled in its famous company with many other honorable names, including that of the brave General Lopez who so distinguished himself—in commerce—at Quérétaro. In a little while these fortunate ones will be once more in our

midst. The very next steamer that sweeps from the East may bring to our ears the clash of resounding toys. Yet, so far as we know, not a step has been taken toward giving them a fitting reception. The Common Council has voted no appropriation for kid gloves and carriages; scarcely ordinary excitement has been awakened by their success. The glorious news has been received with an indifference approaching to apathy. In a country where popular joy naturally overflows into noise, not a gun has been fired, not a bell rung. Congress has been provokingly silent; frittering away its valuable time on the trifling details of reconstruction, it leaves really momentous matters untouched. Elijah Pogram has let slip an unparalleled opportunity of exalting the children of Nature and their bright home in the setin' Sun; the untamed bird of freedom has failed to soar never so slightly into the blue empyrean, to flap his wings never so mildly, to shriek never so softly over the effete monarchies. And though the event has been editorially noticed in one or two of the daily papers, it was with a brevity and lack of enthusiasm that must have outraged the sensibilities of every patriotic heart. Why was this thus? It really seems as though all our youthful exuberance and freshness were leaving us, as though a numbing pall of indifference were fast covering the land. Surely here, if ever, was an occasion that could justify all the floridness of rhetoric wherewith ill-natured foreigners have so unjustly reproached us. Yet not a flower has been plucked; the proud bird before referred to has, perhaps because he is moulting, drooped upon his perch, and George Francis Train has said never a word.

Of a truth, however, the American mind seems slow to realize the extent of the greatness thus suddenly thrust upon it. Accustomed as we have been to admire respectfully from afar the glories of a titled aristocracy, we do not at once comprehend the possibility of their shining in our very midst. We are somewhat dazzled by this unlooked-for approximation of unwonted splendor. In our bewilderment we do not seem to reflect how soon we may be called upon to welcome the return of at least five gallant Knights (we are sure of that number, for we have read their advertisements in the papers) who left us the merest of Esquires no better than ourselves. Plain Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Smith are coming back to us transfigured and transmogrified into Sir Jonah and Sir Elijah, Sir Ezekiel and Sir Abijah. We are actually to gaze upon them face to face, to talk with them, to have dealings with them, if their highnesses may deign to accept the humble tribute of our greenbacks, perhaps, O happiness! to grasp them by the hand. No wonder the prospect takes away the breath that should otherwise have been right loyally spent in shouting *Io triumphe!* Yet to us it seems that this is one of the completest triumphs the Exposition has given us to record. Pre-eminence in pianos or sewing-machines, or warming-pans and hair-pins is, of course, desirable and gratifying; success of any kind almost always is; but this is a moral victory whose importance can scarcely be overestimated. It means that the foremost sovereign of Europe has been forced to this open recognition of the innate nobility of the American character; so to speak, *noblesse oblige*. The Old World does homage to the New in those bits of ribbon more or less long or broad, that adorn the lapels of our compatriots. Let us therefore rejoice and be exceeding glad; let us honor them who have brought honor to us; let us—as it plainly behooves us to do—let us give them a Reception.

To everybody else that had the slightest claim to be received we have given a Reception—to the Japanese, to the Prince of Wales, to President Johnson, to General Grant. Let us then, by all means, prepare to receive our Knights. To the city authorities we leave it to settle the details of the festival, only insisting on unexampled magnificence. If previous similar affairs were grand, let this be gorgeous, overwhelming, stupendous. Our new procession of the Knights must eclipse the glories of that other one of old, when the Eternal City, "on the proud Isles of Quiritus," did honor to "the Great Twin Brethren that fought so well for Rome." And we are assured that it will. In our mind's eye we have already a vision of that resplendent scene. We seem to see and hear it all; the swaying, breathless crowd, the fluttering flags, the flower-strewn streets cleaned for this occasion only. There is a distant boom of cannon proclaiming their arrival in the harbor, a pause of agonizing expectation; then a gathering cheer, a roll of drums, a wild fanfare of trumpets—and they are come. Down through a long vista of triumphal arches the glittering train moves on. First we descry a small but enthusiastic detachment of American youth, proudly bearing more or less snow-white banners typical of the purity of knighthood. Then follows a body of stalwart men-at-arms richly dight in livery of blue and gold, and weaponed with shields and stout

truncheons. To these succeed pursuivants escorting the New York Herald, blowing softly on his own trumpet. The last of the Tribunes with attendant lieutenants. The Consuls in carriages. Senators of the Republic in carriages. Civic dignitaries in carriages and white kids. Everybody else in carriages. Nobodies in carriages. Carriages. Then a wild thrill vibrates through the assembled multitude, a thundering cheer makes the welkin ring. We discover ourselves to be respectfully huzzaing, and know that they are here. They pass slowly by in chariots drawn, perhaps, by the exultant crowd, and certainly by the special artists of illustrated weeklies—one to a carriage—Sir Elijah, Sir Ezekiel, Sir Jonah, Sir Abijah, and the rest. They stand upright and uncovered, bowing with courtly grace to the affectionate plaudits of their admiring countrymen. Sir Abijah, we will say, is young and comely, and is almost buried beneath the floral offerings of fair compatriots—waist deep in bouquets. The heroes scatter largesse on every side; the air is white with their bills. We secure one and inspect it with awe; it bears the lofty and chivalrous sentiment that Sir Ezekiel's patent warming-pans are ahead of all the world. So amid glad shoutings and waving flags and smiling lips and sparkling eyes, the gallant cortège moves on till it reaches the City Hall, where it is received by the Lord Mayor Hoffman in his robes of state. Oration is made and bells are tolled, and guns are fired, and fireworks let off; and in the middle of the glow and crash and clamor the pageant fades away. It is only a vision, but a vision that we are firmly assured must be realized. We forbear to speak of the Banquet and the Ball which will follow these festivities; the imagination of our readers would reel under such excess of splendor. We may safely leave the matter in the hands of the Corporation, satisfied that no expense will be spared to make the occasion memorable in our civic annals and the pockets of our tax-payers.

So then, we shall have our Knights safely at home once more. The question now arises, What shall we do with them? It might be perhaps deemed undignified to put them on exhibition—in Barnum's Museum, for example; yet they would undoubtedly draw immensely. We foresee on this point considerable difficulty. The situation is so novel; knights are so rare a luxury to our republican palates that we shall scarcely know how to treat them. To be sure, we have had the Chevalier Wickoff and the Chevalier Webb and the Count Jeanne; but their escutcheons, we fear, at least those of the two former, are but of dubious heraldry. It is possible, too, that our new-made Knights themselves may be a little deficient at first in knightly bearing. They will be as unused to it as we are. It is only from generations of judicious idleness that one acquires the high-bred ease of aristocratic languor. But our chevaliers are in a noble sense *chevaliers d'industrie*, whose handicraft has won them their honor. What wonder then if, as the poet tells us, "from long days of labor" should come "Knights devoid of ease?" But this will cure itself in time. A graver difficulty will arise in their social relations. How far can they deem it consistent with patrician dignity to mingle in plebeian company at all? Their greatness, it seems to us, must condemn them to virtual isolation; they will stand apart, like the great founder of their order, wrapped in the solitude of their own originality. A few of the *crème*, the first chop, the *dile*, may, perhaps, be admitted to humble and precarious friendship. Editors, the President while in office, perhaps a United States senator or two, may safely be honored with their notice; but beneath this how can they condescend? In this view of the case we almost venture to pity them, *ô fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!* We fear they will find it very irksome, poor gentlemen, to be always in the clouds. One is almost content to be a meager mortal in reflecting on their solitary lot. But they, too, will have their consolations. Very sweet will be the homage of the rabble, the murmured greeting of applause in theatre or salon more fervent than Mæcenas knew, the uncovered head, the respectful salutation. Doubtless there will be a pleasurable excitement, too, in the hunt of match-making mammas. It is a little unfortunate, though, for that hard-working and praiseworthy portion of the community that so many of the new Knights are married. Perhaps Congress may consent to make their distinction hereditary. To be sure, it will be a little at variance with the Constitution; but that is not the fault of the Knights. It will only increase the general contempt for that antiquated instrument. Or in default of this a law might be passed divorcing them or allowing them to practise Mormonism on a scale of limited partnership. Perhaps the latter would be the easiest plan of arranging the difficulty, for then everybody would be satisfied and a much greater number of people made happy. About securing the requisite legislation no true citizen need have any fear

with all the senatorial and representative mothers in the lobby for it at once.

Only one case presents real and formidable difficulty, that of a *legionary firm*. How about the title then, match-making mothers? It is obvious that each partner is only fractionally knighted; whose wife wins the title? With a concern of tailors now the thing would be simple, partners would be admitted to make up the requisite nine. But in ordinary cases the question is no easy one. Must the ambitious daughter marry the entire establishment?

Alas! we are but men. Our fingers be thumbs in these subtleties. We marry and pay bills and die, who are we that we should decide concerning these things? No! we waive it with a cowardly Podsnappery out of view till that near day when our female equals, maternal, filial, conjugal, and culinary, shall delegate the wisdom of Mrs. E. Cady Stanton and other statesmen to unravel these and the many other social problems that must spring from this our new element of aristocracy.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

OPPONENTS of an international copyright law—or treaty—between the United States and Great Britain have combated it on two different grounds,—that it is not required by considerations of honesty and justice; and, that it is not to the interest of the American public, while its absence is not *seriously* to the disadvantage of American authors. The first position, as we argued in a recent issue, is palpably contrary to fact; and, if this be granted, it should be superfluous to enter upon the second. But it is unfortunately the case that many of our countrymen—including our legislators, those who have the greatest interest in influencing the decision of the matter, and even some of our most respectable publishers, as, for instance, the gentleman whom in our previous article we quoted as professing a regard for “least of all the personal emolument of foreign writers”—are disposed to make no disguise of subordinating our obligations to others to our own real or supposed interest. It therefore becomes desirable to examine whether this country is benefited by the absence of an international copyright law. And in doing so we may find our text chiefly in the letters on which we have previously commented, since they—Mr. Merriam’s in particular—embody the theories on which its antagonists have mainly relied.

One of the most prominent arguments for the copyright, in this view of the case, is that which we have before presented in many forms, namely, that American publishers, as long as they procure books from abroad which they can publish without expense, will be naturally averse to paying American authors for their products, so that our own literature must languish. Apparently this position is impregnable. In a large part of the matter of American publication is to be found work obtained from abroad which, under other circumstances, must have been done—and paid for—at home. We have, for instance, within a short time, received three several protests against the practice indulged in by one of our most popular illustrated weeklies of regularly conveying from *Punch* and *Pan* its “comic” illustrations, with the change only of a phrase or two in their legends to adapt them to the latitude of New York. Beside the paste-pot weeklies and monthlies which exist solely by this system, our popular magazines and weeklies, with but two or three exceptions, are more or less addicted to similar appropriations, adding the offence of palming off as original the matter so obtained. Numerous publishing firms almost exclusively restrict themselves to reprinting English books. Under an international copyright law very obviously this work would chiefly fall to American authors, to the great benefit of American letters. Mr. Merriam meets this, in the manner of New England, by a diversion. “Do American writers,” he asks, “whose writings fairly entitle them to pecuniary remuneration, receive inadequate returns from their countrymen?” And after alluding to “the income from their writings which has been received by Bryant, Bancroft, Cooper, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, Motley, Mrs. Stowe, and a host of others,” he concludes this branch of the subject thus: “Let not youthful American aspirants to literary fame, with limited gifts and imperfect culture, lay the flattering unction to their souls that a high tariff in the shape of a copyright upon the issues of the British press would render American publishers only too eager to print and circulate, with bountiful returns to the author, their own crude productions.” Mr. Kroeger, if we allow for the violence and hyperbole in which his thoughts are conveyed, has the same idea:

“So far as the pretended practical benefits of an international copyright law are concerned, it may be safely asserted that not a single book has ever been written for money which might not as

well have been unwritten. . . . It is customary for newspapers to assert that an international copyright law would impel authors on either side of the Atlantic to increased exertions. If this be so, and we do not doubt it, it is to be hoped that a kind Providence will avert such a catastrophe. We have infinitely too much trash written already, and all writings produced under the influence of any external motion, whether that motion be gain, fame, liquor, opium, or vanity, will but increase that collection of trash; whereas no man of scientific acquirements or artistic genius will desist from extending the wealth of his mind to the whole human race merely because in some remote corner of the world an international copyright law has not yet been passed.”

It is difficult to determine whether people who make such statements as these do so in the belief that they prove anything, or whether they use them merely as a means of bamboozling superficial readers. The names cited by Mr. Merriam are calculated to impress a great many people with the belief that the order of things under which they have thriven must be a good one for American letters. But, in the first place, every one of these authors has protested against the existing system, and been among the petitioners for an international copyright; and next, every one of them is a person of independent means, who—with possibly the exception of Mr. Bryant, as editor and proprietor of a newspaper—has never been forced to rely upon the products of literary labor. So Mr. Kroeger’s denunciation of books “written for money” seems plausible enough. A small proportion of his readers were likely to be familiar with the list of authors who had written, compulsorily, “for money,” and his sneer has a grand and magnanimous sound. Yet it is pretty well known that some masters of the English language wrote for money. Pope, for instance, did so. So did Washington Irving. Though perhaps not “written for money,” the novels of Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope could certainly never have been written but for their money value to their authors. Sir Walter Scott chiefly wrote the *Waverley Novels* to escape from his debts and restore Abbotsford; and in the first of the English memorials to our Congress was a recital that “while the works of this author, dear alike to your country and ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labors,” although it “might have saved his life and would at least have relieved his closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils.” Lastly, Mr. Merriam and Mr. Kroeger are at one in intimating that much of the demand for the enactment comes from writers of bosh, for which they can find no publishers. No doubt there are many such, and no doubt they entertain strong convictions that they are the victims of unjust suppression and of lack of discernment or liberality in the publishers. But no one can seriously suppose that an international copyright would enlarge the market for bosh, or that it would in any way affect its inevitable tendency, *quod bosh*, to fail. It is not in behalf of these scribblers that the law is desirable, but of writers of merit who are forced to relinquish literature for bread-making. Two of the most prominent and promising literateurs of New York—the one a rare humorist, the other in the first rank of our younger poets—have thus been compelled within a few years to betake themselves to commercial pursuits and to write only as a recreation and when their leisure permits. It is so notoriously impossible for a writer, unless permanently connected with the newspaper or periodical press, or by dint of “sensational” writing, to support himself in this country by his pen, that we have here no such class of people as those in England who make a very comfortable and honorable livelihood. Of this we have had a recent instance in the case of Mr. M. D. Conway—an accomplished writer, admired and appreciated—who was yet forced to betake himself to England and obtain there the success he ought to have been able to win at home. The matter ramifies indefinitely. Not only is the American author at the mercy of publishers, but those publishers who have the disposition to serve the cause of American letters are so embarrassed by the competition of others who flood the market with what costs nothing, that it is out of their power to buy home writing for what it is worth and preserve such corps of contributors as are needed by our periodical press. We cannot now follow this branch of the subject further. A sufficiently convincing evidence to conclude with is found in the fact that among all our successful writers there is, as far as we know, but one who does not receive an income from some other source than his labors as an author.

Of another way in which the absence of the copyright is injurious our London correspondence some months since gave an instance. Mr. James Spedding devoted a great part of twenty years to the preparation of an elaborate edition of Bacon’s works. It was at once republished in this country by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who very honorably remitted the author a royalty on their sales. Before this appeared there had been a demand in

this country for the London edition, but as soon as it was offered the English copies had to be returned as unsaleable, and Mr. Spedding’s only return for his twenty years’ labor was the small American percentage. Now it is frequently the case that an elaborate and costly work which appeals only to the learned or to a limited class might be profitably produced if it could have a market in both countries, while in neither singly could it find enough readers to repay either author or publisher, and, as in this case, the waste of unnecessarily repeating the expensive process of printing absorbs all the profits and dissuades others from essaying works of the kind. Not only international copyright, but free trade, at least in the matter of literature, is needed to remedy this evil, so that publishers on one side acting in conjunction with those on the other, each assured of his own market, it would become prudent to publish books whose cost now prohibits them, and to insure a cheapness such as is now impossible. And on this point of cheapness Mr. Merriam raises one very remarkable question: “What is more obvious,” he asks, “than that if the American publisher pays a copyright to the foreign author, he must add that tax to each particular book he sells? That he will do so is further assured by the fact that thus his exclusive right being guaranteed the fear of competition is removed. The drawback is a diminished sale.” As is generally the case, this competition argument against international copyright is just as applicable to home copyright, yet is one which, in the case of the latter, troubles no intelligent person for manifold reasons which we need not stop to detail. But can Mr. Merriam really suppose that a public, which pays a profit to the publisher who does no more than make what he considers a good mercantile investment, would grudge making its slight return to the author of the pleasure or instruction it has received? The misconception of the *Nose* as to the true claim to the Spectacles was not greater than Mr. Merriam’s as to the respective relation of publisher and author to a book. But one more point. Mr. Merriam seeks to disarm our representations as to the morality of the matter by showing that imputation of dishonesty in the denial of the copyright involves a reflection upon the character of Congress—a charge from which we do not shrink in the least; “and,” he continues, “if the thing itself is intrinsically a matter of simple honesty, it is no excuse for Parliament denying the just claims of our authors that Congress withhold it from them, since one wrong does not justify another.” This suggestion, that one party can, in the nature of things, make a treaty to which the other refuses his assent—a flagrant absurdity precisely akin to that involved in the demand of the Confederates to be let alone—is but a sample of the follies into which the shrewdest champion of this absurd position must be led. By no process of moral reason, by nothing short of a Rob Roy disregard of all restrictions from respect for property, can the refusal of international copyright be justified. In the reproach brought upon our name in the republic of letters, in the resentment felt toward us by writers abroad, in our want of writers of our own and of a more vigorous native literature, is to be discerned the folly of clinging to a policy whose only shadow of excuse vanished with that condition of things which enabled Senator Ruggles, in his adverse report, to assent to Sydney Smith’s implication—“Who ever reads an American book?”

NEW OPERA-HOUSES AND THEATRES.

THE metropolis progresses. We are, it seems, to have at least two opera-houses next season and an indefinite increase of theatres. It is difficult to say, in view of these innovations, whether the public should be congratulated on the acquisition of fresh resources for innocent amusement or condoled with on the prospective infliction of additional nuisances. So far as the opera is concerned, a new house should prove a decided advantage. Bad companies have been seen and tolerated very often in America, but we have seldom known a worse one than that with which Mr. Max Maretzek regaled us last season. At a time when the rage for Italian opera was so decided that people would have thronged the Academy to hear a street organ drone out the airs from the *Favorita*, Mr. Maretzek, with great business tact, gave his patrons an entertainment which in an artistic sense was very much on the same level, and richly lined his pockets in consequence. Tactics like these, however, even in New York, will scarcely bear indefinite repetition. The public may be patient, but it will get angry at last and will permanently resent the adroit cynicism with which its ignorance and good nature have been practised upon for purely mercenary ends. We imagine that no manager, whether here or in Europe, can long retain the confidence or respect of the public who does not evince a

willingness now and then to make sacrifices for art's sake, or, at all events, to show that the accumulation of money is not the exclusive or unmingled object of his ambition. A management conducted on such a principle is likely to profit by opposition—that is to say, in an artistic, if not a pecuniary, sense, which former is what the public chiefly regards or ought to regard. We are glad, then, that there is to be another opera-house, and should it be conducted with the spirit and liberality of which we hear promises, there can be little doubt of its being as generously and energetically sustained.

The opera is, without doubt, New York's favorite diversion. A polyglot population conduces to this, so large a fraction coming, as it does, from music-loving nations. Americans themselves are fond of the art, and the fashionable aroma which exhales from Italian opera is, to a large class of New York society, especially agreeable. We believe that a dozen years of prosperity will show the city to be a better supporter of two really first-class opera-houses than London is. At present operatic taste is, it must be owned, in a transitional state. Aggregately speaking, it is slightly provincial, just as is the taste for the English drama itself. People have gone to see standard comedies at Wallack's, and Shakespearean tragedies at Stuart's, it is true; but this has been under exceptional stimulants, to see vast collections of fine clothes at one house, or a favorite if overrated artist at the other. What New York really best likes at present is broad farce, intense melodrama, indecorous ballet, and nigger minstrels. The feeling for opera is analogous. *Crispino e la Comare*, the action of which reminds one of continuous grinning through a horse-collar, is more attractive than *Don Giovanni*. A woman who is young, pretty, and no artist draws more money than the most consummate singer of mature years whom a manager can announce. Young and pretty women are also liked by European audiences, but not to the extent of inducing disregard of all artistic qualification and desert. Patti and Nilsson are still in their teens, or barely out of them, and are remarkably attractive in person; they are both, however, incontestably fine artists. What our audiences require in America is to cultivate the habit of doing justice to professional merit first, and of considering youth and beauty afterwards; their custom at present being precisely the opposite of such a system. Operatic music, like any other art, will only thrive in proportion to the growth of a catholic critical discernment, and false or meretricious standards must be discredited and cast down before true or healthy ones can be generally recognized and accepted.

That musical taste is rapidly developing among us candid observers must allow. The time has gone by when Mr. Maretzek, or managers of similar stamp, can take three or four worn-out or inferior singers and coin their notes into gold through the medium of *Eranud*, the *Truculata*, or *Sonnambula*. Every year more Americans go abroad, see for themselves how opera is given in London or Paris, and return with a more critical and exacting taste. Every year the number of Americans increases who are able to pay a high price for a good article, and who decline to pay any price for a bad one. Every year the number of families increases in whose domestic circle there are singers quite equal to the average of Italian professional importations. It is plain that we must soon have troupes more worthy than have hitherto been afforded of a metropolitan position and support. The manager who appreciates this, and who brings over as regular members of his company artists of the calibre of Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, and Nilsson, of Tamberlik, Mario, and Graziani, who sustains his principals with chorus, orchestra, and accessories of the European standards, may possibly not make as much money in a single season as Mr. Maretzek is reported to have gained in his last one, but will certainly do much better in the long run, besides winning position as an *impresario* of the first rank, which no manager we have yet had has succeeded in establishing.

As regards the legitimate English drama, there is reason to fear that public taste is in a very sorry condition. Nothing succeeds like success, and the censures of the more respectable press have done little if anything to diminish the grosser species of ballet, of which the *Black Crook* has been the favorite shocking example. It is clear that as long as the public demand such showy indecencies, the managers will continue to furnish them. Whatever of evil results from these exhibitions is to be cured not by abusing the managers, but by reforming the taste of their patrons. The leading articles and sermons which have been devoted to lashing the too-seductive ballet-spectacles have probably done more than anything, except their own prurieny, to sustain their attractiveness. A more dispassionate style of criticism, involving a deliberate exposition of defect from artistic standpoints, and demonstrating how much higher a pleasure is derivable from

purser and more delicate performances, would assuredly be of better efficacy for good. To attain this, however, the art of criticism must be far more thoroughly studied among us than it yet has been. The writers to whom is entrusted journalistic comment upon public performances should be, as a class, better educated, more discriminating, more experienced, and more conscientious than those on whom it has hitherto commonly devolved. In Paris such duties are performed by journalists of the first rank; in New York they have too generally been assigned to the novices of the profession, who, while yet unqualified by experience or attainments for the discussion of graver subjects, are assumed to be none the less equal to the criticism of art. If our leading newspapers were to take as much pains to have scholarly and competent men in the departments of musical and dramatic criticism as they do in that of politics, the quality of public amusements would necessarily be raised to proportionally higher standards. The presumption that youthful writers, who are fit for nothing else, are able, notwithstanding, to review with fairness and intelligence performances in some of the most exacting and laborious departments of art, is manifestly a mischievous fallacy. We hope that this important subject will be taken into serious consideration by the conductors of the leading press, on whom rests a graver responsibility in this connection for the present lamentable deterioration of the public taste, and, consequently, of the public morals, than they have heretofore apparently perceived.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

RITUALISM.

THE following letter, from a learned and reverend correspondent, is refreshing in more ways than one. It comes to us accompanied with a list of reconciliatory theological authorities of which the writer supposes us to be ignorant, but which we really have had occasion once or twice to turn over before:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I have read with attention your two articles on Ritualism, and, while pleased with your apparent ingenuities, must beg to state that theologically you take a superficial view of the subject. I do not intend to argue the matter, but respectfully ask space in your journal for a few words.

1. The question of liberty in non-essentials is by no means the chief one in the controversy. Uniformity, however, is very desirable in a church whose services are fixed by an authoritative liturgy.

2. The aesthetic question is not a prominent one with the anti-ritualists, for some of the most earnest of them are persons of the highest refinement and elegant culture, and the established forms of Episcopal worship afford, and are intended to afford, ample room for the gratification of the aesthetic sensibilities.

3. Opposition to the efforts of the leading ritualists is based upon fundamental points of Christian doctrine. The style of ritualism which meets with merited condemnation grows directly out of theological views at variance with the Reformed faith. It is anti-Protestant, and the logical result of doctrines about Christ and his church emphatically denied by the Prayer-Book. Of course, this vital consideration will have little weight with one who regards all doctrines with indifference.

4. The ante-Nicene church did not practise the ceremonies which the ritualists are endeavoring to bring in. They are chiefly the production of mediæval times.

You will pardon me if I say that liturgical scholars will be a little amused at your original history of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church. You state that "the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church is a very ancient one. Jew, Greek, Roman, Englishman, American have all laid hands upon it, yet it is essentially the same." I submit if this is not too bad for *The Round Table*, which professes to treat subjects intelligently.

Your sneer, too, at those who see in those innovations, as carried out in some of the English churches, something detrimental to the progress of scriptural Christianity, is below the dignity of useful criticism. The solemn declaration of twenty-eight bishops, the opinion of a majority of the most accomplished and gifted minds in the Episcopal Church, and the sense of at least nineteen-twentieths of all Protestant Christendom, deserves more respectful characterization than "a billingsgate," "setting up men of straw," and "imitations of the fish-market." Respectfully, EPISCOPALIAN.

JULY 20, 1867.

[We have said that this letter of our Episcopalian correspondent is a refreshing one, and we think our read-

ers will incline to think so too. Without anticipating the analysis we mean to give it, we cannot but enjoy the coolness with which the writer assumes our ignorance of the subject we have undertaken to discuss. "Theologically we have taken a superficial view of the subject;" *ergo*, we were incapable of taking any other kind of view, and needed a profound one to be given us, such as our esteemed correspondent supplies. Perhaps so, and perhaps our readers may agree with him in his estimate both of our observations and of his own. In our case they will certainly be right as to the fact, whatever may be true of the inference. A superficial view of the subject was precisely what we professed to give. Our columns are not devoted to profound theologies. We were later than most journals in discussing ritualism, and when we did discuss it, we abstained from theological dispute, because it was a thing unsuited to our columns. We write for the general—and generally non-theological—public, leaving it to polemical antagonists

"To beat the drum ecclesiastic,
And prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

It is mainly by *ad captandum* newspaper and pulpit claptrap that the unhappy ritualists have been assailed. We endeavored to show our readers as much of the matter as we thought they cared to know, and we endeavored also to show the parties to the controversy what the outside public is likely to think of them, and how either party may secure a due share of the popular regard. And it is one of the felicitous points about this letter that, in spite of our deficiencies in the way of profundity, it has neither denied our facts nor sought to overset our statement of the argument otherwise than by a lofty and serene smile of amusement at something about which our reverend monitor is—positively—wrong.

In the examination we are about to give to this letter we shall find another diverting thing, viz., the number of points in which we shall be able to agree with its anti-ritualistic writer.

1. In his first "head," for example, we entirely concur. To his side of the house the ritualists themselves will admit that "the question of liberty in non-essentials is by no means the chief one in the controversy." The truth or falsehood of Christianity was "by no means a chief question" to the Roman emperors who persecuted it; and the right of taxation without representation was by no means a chief question to the British Government last century. It was inconvenient, doubtless, that stupid Christians and refractory colonists should have presumed to question about any such things. But they did nevertheless, and had the questions settled, strange to tell, their own way. Just so with these uncomfortable ritualists; they claim a right under the existing law of their church, and they raise a good many questions when they are forbidden to exercise the liberty which the law secures them. Anti-ritualists may make as little question of a trifle like legal liberty as our correspondent says, and as we believe they do; but a cause which rests its whole right on a claim of *liberty within the law* will very likely gather strength against its unquestioning opponent.

We equally agree with our correspondent in thinking that "uniformity is desirable in a church whose services are fixed by an authoritative liturgy." Absolute uniformity, we take it, is both unnecessary and undesirable. A high authority with both the parties to this controversy says: "It is not necessary that traditions and ceremonies be in all places one and utterly like: for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the diversity of countries, times, and men's manners." But a general uniformity is the very object of liturgical arrangements, and its extent must be prescribed by the same authority which sets forth the liturgy. Where ritualistic directions are given uniform obedience should be rendered, and where there are no such things the uniformity of liberty is the only uniformity provided by the law.

2. We have no desire to question the eulogistic description of himself and his compatriots contained in the second "head" of our correspondent's letter. We have no doubt, and no desire to doubt, that anti-ritualists have all the virtues of the Decalogue and all the graces of anything else; but their ritualistic adversaries will be pleased with the admission that "the established forms of Episcopal worship afford, and are intended to afford, AMPLE ROOM for the gratification of the aesthetic sensibilities."

3. Our correspondent says that the anti-ritualistic flurry "is based upon fundamental points of Christian doctrine," adding that "this vital consideration will have little weight with one"—we are probably the one our charitable correspondent means—"who regards all doctrines with indifference." What are fundamental points of doctrine? And who is to define them? The most

fundamental basis we know anything about is a good theological hobby; but we supposed that fundamental doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church were defined by the formularies of that church so clearly that any clergyman holding "doctrines about CHRIST and his church" which are "emphatically denied by the Prayer-Book" could be regularly tried under the canons of the church, and, if found guilty, excommunicated and degraded for his heresy. Either we are right in this supposition, or we are not. If we are not, "Episcopalian" is setting up men of straw, as has been done before; and if we are, then it would be an easier plan of proving ritualistic heresy to put some ritualist upon his trial, than to take the present way of making vague charges against theological opponents in the columns of *The Round Table*. So long as the authorities of the church, acting in their canonical capacity, continue to find no fault with the ritualists, we shall consider our correspondent's very grave charge against them to be just as well founded as his considerably graver insinuation against ourselves, and no better.

4. The assertion that ritualistic practices did not exist in the ante-Nicene church will "amuse" the right reverend presiding bishop of the United States, who, if we are not mistaken, is something of a "liturgical scholar." In his little book entitled *The Law of Ritualism* we have read something which does not quite agree with the assertion of our correspondent, who, we suppose, "professes to treat subjects intelligently." Incense, lights, and vestments are among the principal *bêtes noires* of anti-ritualists; and we remember reading something about incense and consecrated lights in a certain *Ancient History* which "professes to speak intelligently" too about the doings in the church at a very decidedly ante-Nicene period. As to vestments, we imagine that some of a quite ritualistic cut were prescribed by competent ecclesiastical authority a good while before Nice was built.

5. We readily pardon our correspondent for his suggestion "that liturgical scholars will be a little amused at our original history of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church." We never quarrel with people for cackling over mares' nests. It is a satisfaction to them, and does no harm to anybody else. Very little amused will liturgical scholars be at the discovery of an originality which they have shared with us when they were learners only; but somewhat mortified they may be that a clergyman "who professes to treat" liturgical "subjects intelligently" should make such an exhibition of his ignorance in trying to rectify the errors of a "superficial" *Round Table*.

After what we have said we leave our readers to judge how much of "the dignity of useful criticism" our reverend Mentor has exemplified in his charming letter; but we cannot part with him without a word or two on the sublime clap-trap of his last paragraph.

He cites a certain "solemn declaration" of twenty-eight bishops on this subject of ritualism, just as if the world did not know by this time that the said declaration was a not over-reputably engineered attack on the presiding bishop of the United States; just as if we did not know that many of the signers of it were in perfect ignorance of the intent of the document sent for their signatures; just as if the editors of *The Round Table* did not know that deep grief has been expressed by several of these bishops at their indiscretion in allowing themselves to be induced to sign it; and just as if everybody did not know that this delectable declaration has just as much "solemnity" about it as any other circular emanating from the Post-Office. Altogether ingenuous, and certainly modest, is the talk about "the most accomplished and gifted minds," etc., etc. But the cant about "Protestant Christendom" is a piece of platform palaver that is quite "below the dignity" of a correspondent of *The Round Table*. He may talk about Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, Swedenborgians, Quakers, and Unitarians at once; and say like a man that he proposes to submit the ritualism of the Protestant Episcopal Church to them. But unless that is what he means, let him not play at bunkum popularity, or he will force us to think there is something less substantial than men of straw and less respectable than

ical billingsgate.

We leave the subject with our readers. For a few weeks our columns will be open to them to say what they please. We shall not, however, feel bound to write anything further on a controversy respecting which our position is simply that of disinterested observers.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

WORDS THAT ARE NOT WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Many words in common use are not words. By this I mean they are not words which have the au-

thority of the best English usage. I shall take notice of a very few, such as we often meet with in our popular literature and very often hear in conversation.

I begin with *lengthy*. This adjective is formed from the noun *length*, precisely as the adjectives *healthy*, *stealthy*, *wealthy*, etc., are formed from the nouns *health*, *stealth*, *wealth*. But there is this difference between such as these and the adjective *lengthy*: the noun *length* which gives origin to *lengthy* is itself formed from the adjective *long*, and is, therefore, flanked on the left and right by an adjective, thus:

long length lengthy;
whereas the nouns *health*, *stealth*, etc., are flanked on the left either by a verb or a noun, and on the right by the adjective to which it gives origin, thus:

heal health healthy,
steal stealth stealthy,
fly flight flighty,
weal wealth wealthy,
wind winter wintry,
heath heather heathery, etc.,

or else the verbs or nouns from which adjectives of this class are immediately derived are themselves primitives, or, rather, take their origin from words either foreign or now obsolete in English. Thus we have from the verbs: drowse (Dutch *drossen*, to nod), the adjective drowsy; craze (perhaps akin to French *céramer*, to crush), crazy; laze (obsolete English, perhaps akin to German *lassen*), lazy, etc.;

and so also we have from the nouns:

earth (Anglo Saxon *eorð* or *yrth*), earthy;
fault (Lat. *falla*), faulty;
pith (A.-S. *piþa*, marrow), pithy, etc.

It is manifest that adjectives of this class are necessary in order that the noun-ideas in *health*, *wealth*, *drowse*, *earth*, etc., may be expressed as attributes whenever occasion may require. But not so with the adjective *lengthy*, for the reason that the noun-idea in the noun *length* may be predicated of other nouns by means of the adjective *long*, from which, as before remarked, the noun *length* is formed. It is plain, therefore, that the adjective *lengthy* is wholly unnecessary, and that it ought to be—as it really is—utterly unauthorized by the best English usage.

If, in the order of derivation, we may have this series:

long length lengthy,

then, according to analogy, we may have also:

strong strength strongly,
wide width widthy,
broad breadth breadthy,
high height heighty or heighty,

and so others of the same sort; and if, therefore, it were correct to speak of a *lengthy* argument, it would be correct also to speak of a *strengthy* argument, a *widthy* river, a *breadthy* plain, a *heighty* or a *heighty* mountain.

When, as is sometimes the case, an English adjective does give origin to a noun, the noun in turn giving origin to another adjective, the latter adjective is often so unlike the former, and so remotely connected with it, that their relationship is not always obvious except to the etymologist. It may be observed, also, that the derivative adjective, as it merely expresses, as an attribute, the noun-idea of the noun from which it is directly formed, has less comprehension than the primitive, for the reason that the noun itself has less. I illustrate by two or three examples:

foul filth filthy,
dry drought droughty,
sly sleight sleighty.

In the first of these examples, the adjective *foul* does not give immediate origin to the noun *filth*. From the A.-S. *fyl* (modern English *foul*) is formed the A.-S. verb *ge-fyl-an*, to file or defile, and from the stem of this verb (*fyl*) is formed the A.-S. noun *fylth* (modern English *filth*), that which *filth* or *defileth*. Now, since that which is *foul* does not always *defile*, it is manifest that the comprehension of *foul* is greater than that of *filth*, and consequently greater than that of *filthy*, formed immediately from the latter and expressing exactly the same idea as an attribute. This may be illustrated by such examples as these: When we speak of "foul play" we do not mean filthy play, and when we speak of "a foul defeat" we do not mean a filthy defeat. Neither is "a foul slander" a filthy slander; "a foul murder" a filthy murder; "a foul

deed" necessarily a filthy deed; nor "a foul

garden" a filthy garden. It is plain, therefore, that, though that which is filthy is always foul, that which is foul is not always filthy, and for this reason both these adjectives are necessary and proper. So, for like reasons, are the adjectives *dry*—*droughty* and *sly*—*sleighty* in the other two examples above given; and the same is true of many other pairs of kindred adjectives in our language. But this is not true of the pair *long*—*lengthy*. That which is *lengthy* is always long, and reciprocally. A *lengthy* road is a long one, and a long road is a *lengthy* one. So also a "lengthy speech"—as it regards its *length*—differs in no wise from a long one. One or the other of these adjectives must therefore be unnecessary. It may be, as

Dr. Webster says, that *lengthy* is applied "mostly to

moral subjects, as to discourses, writings," etc.; but this usage does not make it a necessary word, for the reason that the attribute of mere length must be always the same, whether predicated of a sermon or a cable; and of course we do not require one form of the adjective for the one and another for the other.

But even granting that *long* and *lengthy* do differ in meaning, as has been maintained by some who defend the latter, I still assert that *lengthy* is not needed in our language, is not properly an English word, and cannot therefore be used with propriety in any possible case. If, then, we suppose, as I now do, that these words do not exactly coincide in sense, it is plain—as each expresses the notion of length as an attribute—that *lengthy* must express some sort of modification of the proper sense of *long*; that is, it must express either less length than *long* does, or else it must mean too long, with perhaps the additional notion of tedious or wearisome. Now, these two modifications of the sense of *long* are marked with the utmost clearness and precision by modifications of the word itself, the former by its sub-positive *longish*, and the latter by *longsome*, two words which are fully authorized by the usage of the best writers. If, therefore, *lengthy* is not the exact equivalent of *long*, it must be the equivalent either of *longish* or *longsome*, and of course the one or the other of these may be always used with propriety in its stead; or, if neither of these be suited to the taste of the speaker or writer, he certainly cannot possibly object to the tasteful equivalent phrases, *rather long* instead of *longish*, and *tediously long* instead of *longsome*.

It is hardly worth while to mention here another adjective—*lengthful*—formed directly from *length*, and to which, perhaps, *lengthy* may be sometimes equivalent. This is a poor word and occurs very seldom indeed. In the passage (Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, Book xi.),

"The driver whirls his lengthful thong,
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along,"

the poet seems to have employed it rather for rhythmical convenience than because of any real want of this word in our language.

I have thus been at some pains to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of the adjective *lengthy*. Such of the English and American lexicographers as have taken any notice at all of it regard it as an Americanism. Richardson, who published his *New Dictionary of the English Language* about thirty years ago, speaks of it as having been lately introduced into England from America, but not wanted. Dr. Webster says: "It was originally an Americanism, and now used to a considerable extent by English writers, and has been admitted into the dictionaries of Knowles, Smart, and Reid." Pickering, in his *Vocabulary of Americanisms*, remarks that it has been much ridiculed by Americans as well as by Englishmen, and that it is very rarely used by writers of any authority. Bartlett has it in his *Dictionary of Americanisms*, and refers to sundry English and American writers in whose works it has been observed, and among these occur the names of Lord Byron, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Thomas Jefferson. But the fact that this word has been occasionally found in the writings of good authors does not make it a good word. Good men sometimes fall into great sins, and it is just as possible for good authors to let slip now and then very bad words. *Lengthy* is unquestionably one of these; it is not even English, properly so-called, and it ought to be banished from our language not because of its spuriousness only, but because of its ill sound. I cannot conceive why any one with any ear at all should prefer such a *naso-dental* abomination as *lengthy* to the short, simple, and even beautiful *long*, a word of the highest classic authority, and which, in slightly different forms, has existed from time immemorial in the Teutonic languages, as well as in the ancient Latin and its modern kindred tongues.

The adjective *lengthy* has given birth to a noun and an adverb, *lengthiness* and *lengthily*, both of which are quite as worthless as the parent word, and, if possible, still more ill-favored and ill-sounding. The mother and her precious brood have so long been "squatters" on English territory that they now claim the right of citizenship even in the very metropolis of pure English. I here enter a formal protest against their claim, and, if there were a tribunal having jurisdiction in such cases, should bring an action of ejectment at once, and, if possible, oust the whole family, not from the *pomerium* only, but from the entire territory of the English tongue.

group of words which, if possible, are even worse than they, viz.: *reliable*, *reliably*, *reliableness*, *reliability*, and *unreliable*. These also are not words properly so-called, though at least three of them, *reliable*, *reliably*, and *unreliable*, are heard every day in conversation, and occur very often in much of our popular literature, especially in our newspapers, secular and religious. Dean Alford, in his book on *The Queen's English*, disposes of the adjective *reliable* very briefly thus: "We do not rely a man, we rely upon a man: so that *reliable* does duty for *rely upon*." *Trustworthy* conveys all the meaning required." We may add that not *trustworthy* and its derivatives only, but the simpler good old Saxon-English adjective *trusty* expresses with clearness and precision the

very same attribute intended to be marked by *reliable*, and that its derivatives, *trustily*, *trustiness*, and *trustless*, which are regularly formed and have the authority of the best English writers, convey precisely the same meanings as the above-mentioned derivatives from *reliable*. It is therefore manifest that our language does not need this ill-devised word or any of its descendants; and we think that our greatest American lexicographers, Webster and Worcester, either ought not to have admitted these words into their dictionaries at all, or they ought to have admitted them for no other reason than to stamp them as words of spurious coinage, and thus to throw the whole weight of their authority against them; for it is just as much the business of lexicographers to be the guardians of the purity of language as to be orthoepists, philologists, and correct definers of terms, and it is to be regretted that not our American lexicographers only, but that several of the later ones in England have in this respect fallen far short of their duty to our noble tongue. Before I dismiss this group of spurious words formed from *rely*, I may remark that this verb does give origin to two good noun forms—an abstract and a concrete, *reliance* and *reliant*—both of which, like the parent verb, are of course connected with the object in construction with them by the preposition *on* or *upon*. Thus we speak correctly of our *reliance on*, or of one who is a *reliant on something*. We may add that our good adjective *liable* comes to us through the French *lié* from the Latin *ligare* (to bind), and is in nowise related to the verb *rely*, which has sprung from the root of the Anglo-Saxon verb *ligan*, in modern English *lie* (to recline).

I shall conclude with a brief notice of a few other words which ought never to be seen or heard. *Proven* is very often used instead of *proved*. *Prove*, as every tyro in English grammar ought to know, is a regular verb, and of course its perfect participle is *proved*, not *proven*. The latter is a Scotticism, and we—who ought to speak and write English if we can—have no business with it. So, also, the verbs *overflow* and *plead* are regular, and their past tenses of the indicative mode, as well as their perfect participles, are *overflowed* and *pleaded*. There are, therefore, no such words as *overflowen* and *pleaden* (pronounced *pled*), yet during the spring freshets how often do our newspapers inform us that such and such places have been *overflowen*! They might have informed us with just as much propriety that the high waters *overflew* those places as that those places were *overflowen*. And how often, too, in newspaper reports of criminal trials, do we meet with this stereotyped sentence: "The prisoner *plead* not guilty to the charges in the indictment!" It is indeed very strange that so many persons of intelligence and education habitually speak and write this odious word, using it both as a past tense and a perfect participle, just as if the verb "to plead" were conjugated like the verb "to read." We may here mention the quasi-participle "*talented*," which almost every day is heard in conversation or seen in print. The English critic formerly referred to criticises this also. After "showing up" the phrases "*a superior man*" and "*a very inferior person*," he goes on to say: "We seem rather unfortunate in our designations for our men of ability. For another term by which we describe them—'*talented*'—is about as bad as possible. What is it? It looks like a participle. From what verb? Fancy such a verb as *to talent*! Coleridge somewhere cries out against this newspaper word and says: 'Imagine other participles formed by this analogy, and men being said to be *pennied*, *shillinged*, or *pounded*!' " These English critics are certainly right in their reprobation of this ugly and useless word. As we should never think of calling a man a *talented* man because of his possessing one or more than one sum of money called a talent, it is manifest that we ought not to use this word metaphorically to designate a man of fine mental endowments. We may call him an able man, a clever man, a man of genius, etc., etc.; or we may use the noun *talent* metaphorically as a qualitative genitive, and call him a man of talent, or a man of talents, but certainly not a *talented* man, if for no other reason, at least for this conclusive one, that *talented* is not authorized by the usage of good English writers.

Dean Alford makes a fling at *moneyed* and *gifted* also, which he seems to regard as entitled to no more respect than *talented*, unjustly, I think, for the simple reason that these two words, like *bigoted*, *ragged*, *right-angled*,

surprised, however, that this is here called a "strange power," for it is certainly not novel, nor yet peculiar to our language. The Romans, by suffixing to the crude forms of nouns the ending *tus*—composed of the demonstrative *t* and *-us*, *-a*, *-um*, to betoken gender—constructed words of precisely the same kind, and perfectly analogous in form and sense to their own perfect participles. Thus from *melli* and *turri*—the crude forms of *mel*, *honey*, and *turris*, *turret*, are formed *mellitus*, *honeyed*, and *turritus*, *turreted*; and it may be remarked that in these words the correspondence of the English to the Latin is perfect, there being no such verbs in Latin as *mellire* and *turrere*, and in English as *to honey* and *to turret*. So also from the nouns *barba*, *beard*; *pharetra*, *quiver*; *mas*, *male*; *cornu*, *horn*, we have the familiar examples, *barbatus*, *bearded*; *pharetratus*, *quivered*, i. e., furnished with a quiver; *maritus*, *married* (man); *cornutus*, *horned*. In the modern languages most closely allied to the Latin we of course find words of the same kind. Thus the Latin *cornutus* is in Italian *cornuto*, in Spanish *cornudo*, and in French *cornu*. So from the Spanish noun *complexion*, *complexion*, we have *complexionado*, *complexioned*, but no such Spanish verb as *complexionar*. It would be easy to multiply examples. It seems, then, to be manifest that English attributives of this class are legitimately formed from nouns, and that Dean Alford's objection to *moneyed* and *gifted* is therefore utterly invalid. I think he is particularly unfortunate in his reprobation of the latter, for the reason that there is, or rather was once, such a verb as *to gift*, as is evident from the passages cited by Richardson from Dryden, Milton, South, and others. Todd also sets down *gift* as a verb, with Bishop Hall as authority. It is noteworthy, also, that each word in the Latin series, *dare*, *datus*, *donum*, *donare*, *donatus*, has its exact equivalent in the corresponding English series, *to give*, *given*, *a gift*, *to gift*, *gifted*.

It was my purpose at the outset to call attention to several other words, very often heard and seen, that have not the authority of the best English usage, but, as I have already occupied far more space than I intended, I dismiss the subject. I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. G. S.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., July, 1867.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.*

THE work of Mr. Lea is not, as he modestly terms it, a sketch, but is a very complete, as well as compact, history of the church in reference to one point of discipline, celibacy in the priesthood. It is not a book of controversy, but of facts. It is rarely that the author steps aside from strict narrative. He never obtrudes his controversial powers. The gathering of all the facts connected with this subject, in the history of eighteen hundred years, has been a task of great labor, and this complete and conscientious compilation is of great value to all who would investigate the question. It is, nevertheless, apparent that Mr. Lea admits celibacy of the priesthood to be a most important element of power in the organization of the Latin Church, and that he himself is opposed to such a rule of discipline.

Mr. Lea begins by reminding us that celibacy of the priesthood did not originate in the Christian Church. The religious system of Buddha, established six hundred years before Christ, enforced this rule upon its priests in the strictest form. It is somewhat strange that the Eastern Church, more exposed to Asiatic influence, should always have been, and is at this day, less rigid upon this point than the Western. The primitive church could have had no such rule, for there is good evidence of some of the apostles having been married men. For the first three centuries no authoritative dogma on this subject was adopted by any of the councils. Outside of authority there were ardent discussions, and parties existed in the church advocating and opposing celibacy as a proper mode of life for those who assumed the clerical state. Nevertheless, at the end of the first three centuries it had become established as a law of the church that no priest

that a priest cannot officiate on account of his marriage, and all priests who pride themselves on their celibacy. This serves to show how fierce was the contest on the subject outside of authority, and that as yet there was no authority on the question. About twenty years later, however, a definite command was given from Rome by Pope Siricius, requiring bishops, priests, and deacons to be celibates, and decreeing their expulsion from their holy offices for transgression. Yet, the very next year, the same pope who had issued this positive command takes a different tone in addressing the church of Africa on the subject, and contents himself with entreaty, and argues for the propriety of celibacy, but not for its being an established custom, much less a law; nor is any penalty threatened for transgression. It must be borne in mind that the civil power was now at the service of the church to enforce its decrees, Christianity having become the state religion of the empire. The difficulty of enforcing this rule proves how strong was the opposition to it—how disunited was the sentiment of the church on the subject. In the year 412 assemblies of the followers of Jovinian, a leading heretic on this question of celibacy, were publicly held in Rome itself. With the aid of the secular power he was put down, exiled, and his followers scattered. Resistance to the rule of celibacy was about the same time organized by Vigilantius, a priest from the Pyrenees, and vigorously carried on, but with the death of Jovinian and Vigilantius organized attempts to resist this rule in the Latin Church appear to have ceased.

It must not be inferred, however, that thenceforward the rule was readily enforced in practice. Long after this period we find the question coming up in such a shape before local synods as to prove both that the rule was often denied as being law, and that married priests were numerous. In Gaul, especially, it was almost impossible to enforce it. In the year 456 a synod in Ireland, held by St. Patrick, ordered that priests' wives should have their heads covered, proving that there the rule was utterly unenforced. In the Eastern Church the commands of the popes on this subject were without effect. While the Eastern and Western Churches were still in outward harmony for many centuries, the Western insisted on rigid celibacy, and the Eastern only on the old rule of excluding the twice-married from orders and forbidding marriage after ordination. When the schism came the Eastern Church continued to maintain, as it still maintains, this form of the rule. Married men are permitted to take orders as deacons and priests, excluding those who have been twice married; but bishops are always taken from among the monks, and are therefore celibates. The Nestorian Church, an excised branch of the Eastern Church, and once a very numerous body, has a more relaxed rule, and permits bishops to marry. So the now almost extinct Coptic or Abyssinian segment of the Church, while excluding the twice-married and forbidding marriage after ordination, seems always to have admitted married men to all orders, episcopal included.

During all this time, from the beginning, voluntary associations of monks and nuns under vows of celibacy abounded. But the enforcement of the law of celibacy upon the working clergy met with very varied success for many centuries after it had been well established by authority as a general rule of discipline in the Western Church. Evidence is abundant that the rule was both openly and secretly violated. All through the period, from the first time when this subject was brought forward in the Church councils to the Council of Trent, there is open diversity of sentiment among the clergy, and more or less diversity of practice in places where the authority of Rome was fully recognized. At the last-named council the question was definitely settled by making celibacy of the clergy a matter not of mere discipline, but of faith. Thenceforward it became heresy, to be punished by excommunication from the church, for any one to advocate marriage of the clergy. The divided state of sentiment up to the very date of this great council is proved by the persistent efforts of the Emperor Ferdinand, first, to prevent the adoption of the canon against

marriage, and, after its adoption, to obtain from

the Pope a dispensation permitting priests to marry. His efforts were unsuccessful, and himself ran a narrow chance of excommunication. Whatever may be any one's views of the question itself, the courage of the church in taking this time for enforcing its extremest doctrines must be admired, for it was at this very period that Europe was ablaze with the Protestant Reformation. Mr. Lea sees indications in recent movements in Italy and Hungary of a strong spirit of revolt among the lower orders of the clergy there against celibacy, and seems to look forward to a possible reopening of the question at no distant day.

Mr. Lea's work is so strictly one of narrative that the reviewer can do little more than give an abstract of its

others of this sort, are authorized by the usage of good English writers, and are found in good English dictionaries. The truth with regard to words of this class is correctly stated by Prof. Schele De Vere, of the University of Virginia, in his *Studies in English*. "A point," he says, "much overlooked, and yet of great interest, is the strange power which our English possesses of making, by the mere force of analogy, past participles in *ed* from nouns, even when no verb of the kind is or ever was in existence—a power which may be traced back to the original force of this *d* as derived from the verb *to do*. Thus we have *moneyed* and *landed* men; a *lily-livered* knave (*King Lear*, II. 2), and *hunch-backed*, *cock-brained*, *cross-grained*, and *hen-pecked* husbands." I am a little

surprised, however, that this is here called a "strange power," for it is certainly not novel, nor yet peculiar to our language. The Romans, by suffixing to the crude forms of nouns the ending *tus*—composed of the demonstrative *t* and *-us*, *-a*, *-um*, to betoken gender—constructed words of precisely the same kind, and perfectly analogous in form and sense to their own perfect participles. Thus from *melli* and *turri*—the crude forms of *mel*, *honey*, and *turris*, *turret*, are formed *mellitus*, *honeyed*, and *turritus*, *turreted*; and it may be remarked that in these words the correspondence of the English to the Latin is perfect, there being no such verbs in Latin as *mellire* and *turrere*, and in English as *to honey* and *to turret*. So also from the nouns *barba*, *beard*; *pharetra*, *quiver*; *mas*, *male*; *cornu*, *horn*, we have the familiar examples, *barbatus*, *bearded*; *pharetratus*, *quivered*, i. e., furnished with a quiver; *maritus*, *married* (man); *cornutus*, *horned*. In the modern languages most closely allied to the Latin we of course find words of the same kind. Thus the Latin *cornutus* is in Italian *cornuto*, in Spanish *cornudo*, and in French *cornu*. So from the Spanish noun *complexion*, *complexion*, we have *complexionado*, *complexioned*, but no such Spanish verb as *complexionar*. It would be easy to multiply examples. It seems, then, to be manifest that English attributives of this class are legitimately formed from nouns, and that Dean Alford's objection to *moneyed* and *gifted* is therefore utterly invalid. I think he is particularly unfortunate in his reprobation of the latter, for the reason that there is, or rather was once, such a verb as *to gift*, as is evident from the passages cited by Richardson from Dryden, Milton, South, and others. Todd also sets down *gift* as a verb, with Bishop Hall as authority. It is noteworthy, also, that each word in the Latin series, *dare*, *datus*, *donum*, *donare*, *donatus*, has its exact equivalent in the corresponding English series, *to give*, *given*, *a gift*, *to gift*, *gifted*.

* An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

leading statements. It was written, as he tells us, several years ago, and it bears evidence of great and faithful labor. No book on the subject, he informs us, exists in English literature, and, in the continental languages, all that has been published on this question is to be found only in controversial works. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Lea's book is a valuable addition to history. Our readers will form a very inadequate estimate of its historical value if they take it for granted that the few leading facts which we have noticed indicate the full course of his narrative. The history of voluntary celibacy, or monachism, is, though briefly, fully given. The condition of the regular clergy during all the long period of agitation of this question, and of efforts to enforce the discipline of celibacy before it became a matter of faith, is shown in all the countries subject to the Latin Church. The state of sentiment among the laity is also exhibited. The sentiment of the early reformers and of their followers on this subject is given from the discussions of the time. The book is, in fact, what it purports to be, a faithful and complete history of the progress of the doctrine of clerical celibacy in the Christian Church, given in a narrative arranged with skill and unexceptionable in style. All who take interest in the question will find it, as we have done, attractive and instructive reading.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.*

MR. TROLLOPE'S announcement that we shall see Barsetshire no more is generally received with anything but satisfaction. There are, to be sure, those who have found in his often leading us back to the familiar scenes an evidence of a lack of constructive power—just as, perhaps with more reason, they argued the same thing from somewhat less of like premises in Thackeray. But these, from the nature of their criticisms, are evidently persons to whom either the scenes and the people are uncongenial, or by whom the acquaintance has not been commenced long enough ago and maintained with sufficient constancy to keep them on reasonable terms of intimacy. To the rest of us it is as if, suddenly and without alleged reason, there were withdrawn from us the privilege of continuing visits to which we have been so long accustomed that they have become as much a part of our settled routine as going into the country in summer, and are so necessary to our happiness that nothing short of our own misconduct could justify our being deprived of them. Mr. Trollope has not this excuse, for no author of the present day has had, or for that matter has deserved, a better ordered company of readers and critics; nor has there been any who has more plainly shown himself at that kind of ease which comes from full assurance that he stands on comfortable and kindly terms with his public. And what enhances the aggravation of the matter is the fact that this visit, by far the pleasantest of them all, and the one which draws us most nearly toward our old friends at Barchester—which, Dr. Mackenzie says, means Canterbury—and makes us most anxious to continue their acquaintance indefinitely, is the one at whose close the door is shut in our faces in the arbitrary, no-appeal sort of manner in which young gentlemen in the *Arabian Nights* used to receive their *congé*, and we are given to understand that no Peri was more hopelessly excluded from Paradise than are we from the pleasant gatherings at Plumsted Episcopi.

The Last Chronicle of Barset is, as we have said, better than any of its predecessors, especially than *The Claverings*, which immediately preceded it, and which had to do with a set of people by no means as interesting as the members of the clerical community we are to know no more. In the first place, it is without some of the features which were beginning to become monotonous. Nobody is jilted, nobody contracts a marriage which is a burden and a torture; we might add that no man persecutes matrimonially a young woman, or is in love with two young women at once, were it not for the once hobbled Johnny Eames and Miss Lily Dale, both of whom, at least, we are heartily glad to have done with, and to hear for the last time of their interminable love affair in which their friends and their friends' friends interested themselves, until the thing became so insufferably wearisome that we are glad to know the lady has definitely consigned herself to old maidhood and an incomprehensible sort of sisterly affection for her persistent lover. But if these people bore us nobody else does. The rest of the *dramatis personæ*—church dignitaries, church drudges, church hangers-on, pleasant people, vulgar people, designing people—old acquaintances and new, are alike admirable. We have no idea how many clergymen Mr. Trollope, at one time and another, has intro-

duced us to, but a great many of them are here, all as thoroughly individual and as capital pieces of faithful character-painting as ever, and with them two who appear for the first time. One, Mr. Thumble, a dependent of Mrs. Proudie's, is an admirable specimen of pure littleness, of overbearing insolence, and weak servility harmoniously blended into a strong suggestion of Charlotte Brontë. The other, Mr. Crawley, is such a character—such a great character, gnarly, sturdy, many-sided—as we did not know Mr. Trollope could create. It is impossible to give him in a few words. Learned, fearless, haughty yet humble, fiercely conscientious and upright and sincere, he is a wonderful mixture of force and of weakness. A man with an intellect "clear as running water in all things not pertaining to his daily life and its difficulties," a man who "could be logical with a vengeance—so logical as to cause infinite trouble to his wife, who, with all her good sense, was not logical"—this man has yet "dark moments in which his mind was so much astray that he could not justly be called to account as to what he might remember and what he might forget." From this composition it arises that he becomes involved in a dilemma where, apparently, he must be proven either a madman or a thief; and under the strong evidences of the latter all Barchester is rocked to its foundations; discord and dire troubles arise from it even in the bishop's palace and in Archdeacon Grantly's family, and in it lies the motive power of the book. Directly from it comes one of the three great scenes such as Mr. Trollope has never given us before, in which Mr. Crawley mightily triumphs over Mrs. Proudie—the harridan, termagant, and shrew—in the very presence of her husband the bishop, and morally crumples up and tramples upon that dignitary himself, remotely causing the death of his spouse, and occasioning a fine display of a certain grim humor which, again to our surprise, we find in Mr. Trollope for the first time. As directly is due to it the second of these scenes, that of the interview between the archdeacon and Grace Crawley, in which culminates an exhibition of our impulsive old friend's character that is beyond all praise. And the third is the exquisitely pathetic decline and death of dear old Mr. Harding, who, as the Warden of Hiram's Hospital, was our earliest friend in Barsetshire. With all these people Mr. Trollope's descriptions—his bits of mental anatomy, his analysis of actuating motives, his exposure of pettinesses and meannesses—are very fine. His observation has taught him not only what a man will do and what he will feel in given circumstances, but what the man will do and feel whom he has under consideration. It occurs to one, it is true, that Mrs. Arabin is a different lady from the one whom we formerly knew as Miss Eleanor Harding and Mrs. Bold, but with this sole exception all our old friends are no less thoroughly and distinctly themselves than if they were actual flesh and blood. Archdeacon Grantly, as he grows older, is even more of himself than of old, as may be seen from his reception of the news that his old enemy Mrs. Proudie is dead, from the interview with Grace Crawley, indeed from all his mental struggles about his son's marriage, one passage wherefrom we cannot withstand the temptation to quote. The archdeacon has told his wife to write to the major, threatening his disinheritance in the event of this marriage, and Mrs. Grantly, knowing him very well indeed, has declined to write until next day:

"The archdeacon was by no means satisfied; but he knew his wife too well, and himself too well, and the world too well to insist on the immediate gratification of his passion. Over his bosom's mistress he did exercise a certain marital control which was, for instance, quite sufficiently fixed to enable him to look down with thorough contempt on such a one as Bishop Proudie; but he was not a despot who could exact a passive obedience to every fantasy. His wife would not have written the letter for him on that day, and he knew very well that she would not do so. He knew also that she was right—and yet he regretted his want of power. His anger at the present moment was very hot—so hot that he wished to wreak it. He knew that it would cool before the morrow, and, no doubt, knew also theoretically that it would be most fitting that it should cool. But not the less was it a matter of regret to him that so much good hot anger should be wasted, and that he could not have his will of his disobedient son while it lasted. He might, no doubt, have written himself; but to have done so would not have suited him. Even in his anger he could not have written to his son without using the ordinary terms of affection, and in his anger he could not bring himself to use those terms. 'You will find that I shall be of the same mind to-morrow—exactly,' he said to his wife. 'I have resolved about it long since, and it is not likely that I shall change in a day.' Then he went out about his parish, intending to continue to think of his son's iniquity, so that he might keep his anger hot—red-hot. Then he remembered that the evening would come and that he would say his prayers, and he shook his head in regret—in a regret of which he was only half conscious, though it was very keen, and which he did not attempt to analyze as he reflected that his rage would hardly be able to survive that ordeal. How common with us it is to repine that the devil is not stronger over us than he is!"

Mr. Trollope imitates nobody, and has no need to do so. In his choice of subject, his treatment and unfolding of it, his idiomatic phrases and mannerisms, his quiet satire and equable humor, the unlimited resources of his

own observation in all the social scenes he puts before us—all is thoroughly his own. Yet the book is strangely full of things, little ones, that remind us of things in other books. Mr. Crawley, in his conflict with the bishop and Mrs. Proudie at the palace, adopts just the tactics pursued by Miss Betsy Trotwood toward Mr. and Miss Murdstone, and, having driven the lady to exasperation by studiously ignoring her overtures to enter the struggle, demolishes her with a parting outburst. Miss Madalena Demolines, who entangles the rash Johnny Eames to about the same extent as Amelia Roper had done long ago, at one stage of her advance "leaned with both her elbows on a little table that stood between her and her visitor, and looked with all her eyes into his [Johnny's] face"—which is precisely the manner in which Lady Ongar addressed Harry Clavering when she won him from his allegiance to Florence Burton. Again, the enterprising Miss Demolines sends to Lily Dale just that kind of note of enquiry concerning her relations with Johnny which Vanessa sent to Stella respecting Dean Swift—only Lily, not following the example of Stella, kept the note to herself and relapsed into old maidhood. Such are samples of a sort of thing of which the reader will find a good deal, although we do not mean to say that he will find anything objectionable in it. Not so with another little point, which involves our making an apology to Mr. Gould. In commenting upon that gentleman's *Good English* we declared our disbelief that any educated writer or speaker could use the word *demean* in the sense of *debase*. Mr. Trollope, who is unquestionably a good writer, so uses the word on two occasions (pp. 31, 172), although elsewhere (p. 85) he properly uses *debate*, thus showing that the vulgarism has made greater progress than we were willing to believe. Our only remaining quarrel is with Mr. George H. Thomas, who, as a general thing, has illustrated the book very cleverly. The archdeacon, for instance (see pp. 97, 145, 258), he has caught capitally. Toward Mrs. Proudie (on p. 52) he has meted a justice that may almost compare with Mr. Trollope's own; and a number of really capital pictures might be picked out here and there. But, on the other hand, none of the young ladies twice appear sufficiently alike—in face, form, or stature—to be recognizable even by themselves. Mr. John Eames, after having frequently been presented with luxuriant whiskers, as his only handsome adornment, and having shown himself thus within a day or two, suddenly appears with so notable a moustache as half-a-year's growth at least would be needed to produce; and, lastly, of Mr. Crawley, who, of all the figures in the book, afforded probably the best opportunity for an artist's skill, every representation is glaringly impossible, with the sole exception of a small vignette (p. 281) which shows how much better, by a little study, Mr. Thomas is capable of doing his work if he had only read the book.

We might go on pointing out minor faults. We might dwell indefinitely upon the masterly manner in which Mr. Trollope has painted with minute fidelity—in a manner never exciting and never, as has been the case on some occasions, tedious—society actual and typical, not the ideal tinselled monstrosity forced upon us elsewhere. Of his clergymen, all of them, we have no words but of praise, and as to those who, accustomed to regard ministers as by the nature of things apart from and above other men, resent his portraits, we must refer them to his own justification of himself as given in his penultimate paragraph. And in pronouncing *The Last Chronicle of Barset* Mr. Trollope's best work, we mean that it is the best work of a man entirely unapproached in his own sphere—if, indeed, in that sphere he is not alone—and one whom the admirers of the greatest of kindly satirists must rank, at whatever interval, next to Thackeray.

MONROE ON GOVERNMENT AND SOVEREIGNTY.*

MR. GOUVERNEUR deserves sincere thanks for giving this posthumous work of his connection President Monroe to the public. Our country is at present in a state of political drift. Old landmarks are forgotten. Old and long revered traditions are derided. The self-conceit of the present laughs at the wisdom of the past. The most important questions are discussed with unbecoming levity, and frightful innovations are effected in the midst of a general apathy begotten of disgust. It is well that at so ominous a time the voice of one of the founders of the republic, who was moreover not the least among the framers of the Constitution, should be heard, if for no other reason, yet at least to

* *The People the Sovereigns; being a comparison of the government of the United States with those of the republics which have existed before, with the causes of their decadence and fall.* By James Monroe, ex-President of the United States, and dedicated by the author to his countrymen. Edited by Samuel L. Gouverneur, his grandson and administrator. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

* *The Last Chronicle of Barset.* By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Bros. 1867.

give us the example of that calm judicial conscientiousness with which those great men thought and wrote about a subject which affects the lives and liberties and happiness of our whole race. For his timely publication of this valuable little book we cordially thank the editor; and did we not believe that the force of the author has been more or less impaired thereby, we should be disposed to thank him for the unity he has contrived to give to the disjointed portions of the work. The material of which it is composed is a collection of more or less perfect fragments, out of which President Monroe purposed to construct a portion of a critical comparison of the government of the United States with those of certain ancient and modern countries. These fragments have been carefully and conscientiously combined by the editor so as to form a consecutive treatise, in which "not one word," as he assures us, "has been added to the original text, neither has one been erased from the manuscript copy." This fidelity is laudable, and no doubt the continuous train of thought is easier for the non-critical reader; but in further justice to the author the joinings of the several fragments ought to have been indicated. There are occasional inconsequences and not infrequent repetitions which impair the author's force. These are, of course, inevitable in the composition of a work of such materials. But the impression of feebleness which they sometimes occasion would perhaps be lessened if the editor, besides maintaining continuity of thought by a judicious collocation of the parts, had marked the disadvantage of the author and himself by some slight separation. If this little book should come, as we sincerely trust it may, to a second edition, we hope that Mr. Gouverneur will follow our suggestion and give us what Mr. Monroe wrote as he wrote it. This need not in the least interfere with the continuous arrangement he has so felicitously made.

Mr. Monroe's prevailing thought in setting about the composition of a work which, unhappily, he did not live to complete, was two-fold. First, to distinguish between *sovereignty* and *government*; and, second, to enforce the necessity of preserving a distinct existence in separate hands of the three great functions of government—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. To confusion in the former or to failure in the latter he ascribes the non-success of all former experiments of republicanism, and the faults of other and (in theory) less perfect forms of government. "The terms *sovereignty* and *government*," says Mr. Monroe, "have generally been considered as synonymous. . . . To us, however, they convey very different ideas, as they must to all who analyze the subject on principle. The powers may be separated and placed in distinct hands, and it is the faculty of making that separation which is enjoyed by one class of governments alone which secures to it many of the advantages which it holds over all others. . . . The sovereign power, wherever vested, is the highest in the state, and must always remain so. . . . In those instances in which it is vested in an individual or a few, the government and the sovereignty are the same. They are both held by the same person or persons. The sovereign constitutes the government, and it is impossible to separate it from him without a revolution. Create a body in such a government with competent authority to make laws, treaties, etc., without reference to the party from whom it was derived, and the government is changed. Such agents must be the instruments of those who appoint them, and their acts be obligatory only after they are seen and approved by their masters, or the government is no more. In mixed governments, where there are two or more orders, each participating in the sovereignty, the principle is the same. . . . In these governments the sovereignty is divided between the orders. . . . The government is divided between the orders in like manner. . . . They, therefore, constitute the government. It follows as a necessary consequence that the sovereign power and the government, even in governments of this class, are the same, and that they cannot be separated from each other. . . . It is only in governments in which the people possess the sovereignty that the two powers can be placed in distinct bodies; nor can they in them otherwise than in the institution of a government by compact, to which all the people are parties, and in which those who fill its various departments and offices are made their representatives and servants. In those instances the sovereignty is distinct from the government, because the people who hold the one are distinct from their representatives who hold and perform the duties of the other. One is the power which creates; the other is the subject which is created. One is always the same; the other may be modified at the will of those who made it. Thus the Constitution becomes the paramount law, and every act of the government, and of every department in it, repugnant thereto, void."

"These two great principles," he elsewhere says, "must

be held fundamental and invariable in regard to governments in which the people hold the sovereignty—first, that the government be separated from the sovereignty; the second, that it be divided into other separate branches, legislative, executive, and judicial, and that each be endowed with its appropriate powers, and be made independent of the other. It is by a faithful observance of these principles, and a wise execution of them, that tyranny may be prevented; the government be made efficient for all its purposes; and the power of the people be preserved over it, in all its operations. Unite the government with the sovereignty, although it be in the people, and every species of abuse, with the certain overthrow of both, will follow. *Concentrate all power in one body, although it be representative, and the result, if not so prompt, will, nevertheless, be equally fatal.*" This passage, we presume, is one of those salutary precepts which Mr. Gouverneur desires, in his preface, that the people may receive as a voice of warning from the past. It is probable that they who least need it—that is, the party out of power—will be readiest to regard it.

Of the Federal Constitution, and of the relation of states to the Union and of the people to the states, Mr. Monroe speaks as follows: "Our system is twofold, state and national. Each is independent of the other, and sovereign to the extent and within the limit of specified powers. The preservation of each is necessary to that of the other. Two dangers menace it: disunion and consolidation. Either would be ruinous. It was by our union that we achieved our independence and liberties, and by it alone can they be maintained. It must, therefore, be preserved. Consolidation would lead to monarchy and despotism, which would be equally fatal. That danger must be averted. Both governments rest on the same basis, the sovereignty of the people. . . . As, however, the powers of the national government originated with the people of each state, and passed from them in the extent to which in their character as separate and distinct communities they granted them, the people of each state form the basis. Consolidation, so far as it has gone, is a diminution of state power; but still the basis in other respects remains unchanged."

We make no apology for these extensive quotations. Our readers will prefer Mr. Monroe's words to ours, and the quotations we have made give the key to the whole work. Much that it contains is not new, but all is interesting. The arguments are not always forcible, but they are generally clear. The style is easy, though very far from being correct. The discussion of many subordinate questions is ingenious. The outline of the Athenian constitution is really a gem of historical accuracy and a model of philosophical discussion. We would gladly, did our space permit, enter into a discussion of sundry points on which we differ from the venerable author. As it is, however, we heartily commend it to the perusal—for with all the disadvantages of author and editor there is no need to bespeak the *indulgence*—of the reading portion of the people.

LIBRARY TABLE.

TEN Months in Brazil. By John Codman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.—In this tempting little volume Mr. Codman gives just the amount and the kind of information about Brazil that will be welcome to people who will have nothing to do with a big book about a region they have no particular interest in. He gives it moreover in the manner of one who, knowing men and things throughout the world, writes neither to glorify or denunciate, nor to display himself or his graces of style and powers of narration. Indeed, we seldom lay down a book with a more contented sense of having been told in a straightforward and matter-of-fact way whatever is worth knowing about a country by a man who can discriminate. It is as if one had passed a quiet evening with him over a friendly cigar and he had done the talking.

Mr. Codman takes us, via St. Thomas, to Brazil, where he was engaged in that coasting trade which Brazil is apathetically anxious to foster, but which is so affected by official arrangements that the traders have ample time to familiarize themselves with the life of the coast towns and to make digressive incursions into the interior. Of such opportunities, usually wasted, our author availed himself to study the commercial character and capabilities of southern Brazil, with the inducements it offers Americans; the political situation and prospects of the nation; and the general marks of its people. His conclusions are, on the whole, the reverse of flattering. The Portuguese stock has, *more suo*, degenerated by so long-continued a process of miscegenation that pure blood, black or white, is rarely found. Socially, it is not that impurity is common, but that virtue, even theoretically, is almost unknown. The German and Swiss colonization efforts of the last thirty years have failed because such of the emigrants as do not fly in disgust succumb to the

prevalent enervation; the Italians go home again, the French make to themselves a little Paris in Rio de Janeiro and stay in it; what Americans will do remains to be seen, some of those whom Mr. Codman met representing that here was "a land flowing with milk and honey," others that it was "a country not fit for a dog." Of the kind of experience under which Americans will become either disgusted or demoralized we have this leaf from Mr. Codman's efforts at trading between Rio and Santos:

"On a coastwise route like this, of two hundred miles, in the United States, we could have made the round trip, at least, eight times monthly, receiving and discharging full cargoes. Here, owing to no other cause than the vexatious impediments offered by the government, we could scarcely make three trips in that time. In the first place, the custom-house is closed on all the holidays and saints' days; and there are holidays many, and of saints' days an unknown number, which is continually increasing. . . . On these days no business is done. On the secular days the custom-house hours, within which ships are permitted to load and discharge, are included between seven A.M., and four P.M., out of which one hour is taken for breakfast and two hours for dinner. However active a crew may be, they are obliged to conform to the slow movements of the custom-house employes, who make a pretence of working at the same time.

"After the loading is completed, there generally follows a day's work to clear at the custom-house. Thence, after signing a multiplicity of documents—I counted them once, there were ninety-six—the captain is at length released. After being visited by the health-boat, police-boat, and guard-boat, we finally proceed to sea. When we enter port, at the other end of our route, the same ceremonies are again to be observed; and if the boarding officials are at breakfast we may remain at anchor two or three hours blowing off steam, until their convenience is suited. And all this nonsense, be it remembered, applies, not only to foreign trade, but more especially to the coasting trade which Brazil has so recently thrown open to all nations. As I was the first to take advantage of the permission, and have followed the business for nearly a year, I feel competent to assure others that, with all the annoyances and the small profits, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

"I could fully credit the story told of a Dutch captain, whose race is generally so phlegmatic. His vessel was chartered to load a cargo of coffee, and a certain number of 'working-days' were stipulated for, 'rainy days not included.' It did not suit the convenience of the merchant to ship the cargo until the price had fallen, which seemed afar off. And so the honest Dutchman remained at his anchor day after day, week after week, month after month; for it rained so often that scarcely a day could be counted against the inexorable coffee-dealer. At length the skipper's pipe and his patience gave out together, and he became raving mad. There was time to obtain a new captain from Amsterdam, it is said, before coffee fell and the rain ceased to fall."

The whole government is in fact effete and rotten, preyed upon by an army of useless office-holders for whom there are no normal means of support, and who, therefore, as a matter of course, subsist by a system of bribery and corruption, under which public matters have gone to seed that the emperor has fallen back upon what Mr. Codman calls a *laissez-faire* policy,—sees nothing, "because he turns his head the other way," and, when bothered about affairs, "rushes into his library or his laboratory, or among his bugs and fishes, and remains till the storm blows over and the discordant political atoms settle down," thinking it, on the whole, "scarcely worth his while to combat a system which he cannot overcome." This whole matter, also the party divisions and political issues, the prospects of the reigning family and of the Paraguayan war, are all very clearly and comprehensively sketched—very convincingly, moreover. So that the book is not only a model book of travels, which affords pleasant and instructive reading for a couple of hours, but one which ought to be in the hands of all advocates of Brazilian emigration, or at least of those whom they would incite to such a step.

Rural Studies: with Hints for Country Places. By the author of *My Farm at Edgewood*. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.—This little book does not treat exhaustively of any of the subjects which are brought to view in its pages; it is more full of suggestion than instruction. Its aim is to stimulate those who live in the country, or who love the country, to a fuller and wider range of thinking about the means of making their homes enjoyable, rather than to lay down any definite rules by which this may be accomplished. So writes the genial author in his preface of a treatise which, albeit thus modestly described, we would gladly, were it in our power, lay on the table of every yeoman's family in the land. Among the numerous indications of reaction from the old Puritanic dogmas which held, directly or implicitly, that nothing in nature or art could be useful that was not also ugly, and nothing in literature could be instructive that was not always dull, the writings of I. K. Marvel, whether they treat of society, of agriculture, or of natural scenery, seem to us among the most pleasing and wholesome. Some may say of the graceful volume before us, that it occasionally gives forth a flavor, a thought too obviously gained from the pages of essayists with whom the author's mind is in sympathy—Montaigne and Izaak Walton, for instance—and that its quotations here and there have the ring of second-hand; but these were churlish and ungrateful hypercriticisms to pass on a book which is substantially genuine, richly freighted with sweet yet manly thought, and which no cultivated person can lay down without feeling that he has been communing with a wise and gentle friend. In *Rural Studies* one may learn a hundred useful things without knowing, such is the quiet fascination of the style, that he has been taught anything at all. He may learn how

to build gates and porches and rustic seats and fences; how to design the plan of a house, to lay out a road, to reclaim waste lands, to impart æsthetic beauty to the geometric lines of a railway; how to select country-seats with a view to purchase, and how to adorn and to make them "pay" when bought. These are a few of the many instructions wherein this book abounds. It has a savor of green, winding country lanes, a smack of new-mown hay, and apart from its permanent value for the solid information which it so pleasantly conveys, we know of few publications of the season which we can more warmly or unreservedly commend as being unexceptionable as it is interesting, diverting from cover to cover and yet compact of thought. As the author is a stranger to us—in the ordinary sense of the phrase—we may be excused for reminding such of our readers as may be ignorant of the fact, that Mr. Mitchell is now practising in this city as a landscape gardener, architect, and engineer, and that his experienced skill may be availed of practically to fill out the tasteful ideas which, in this and other books, he has so agreeably outlined.

Meteorology: A Treatise on Shooting Stars, Fire-Balls, and Aerolites. By Daniel Kirkwood, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Washington and Jefferson College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—Dr. Kirkwood has presented us with a compact and interesting little book on a subject which is always attractive and which is just now particularly so. An account of all the most celebrated meteors, aerolites, and variable or temporary stars is given, together with a general view of the solar system and a number of ingenious hypotheses connected therewith. Dr. Kirkwood expects a more brilliant display in November of the present year than was witnessed in 1866, and his explanations of the singular accuracy with which these wonderful exhibitions are now foretold may be profitably read. The basic theory is, of course, that the bodies which form the meteoric showers are, like the comets, cosmical bodies moving in conic sections about the sun. This was the discovery of the late Dr. Olbers, just as the application of the same theory to the comets (corroborated in 1759) was that of Dr. Halley. Dr. Kirkwood observes in his preface that most of his treatise was written before the publication in England of Dr. Phipson's volume on *Meteors, Aerolites, and Falling Stars*. Dr. Kirkwood has, however, had that work before him and has availed himself of some of the accounts therein given of recent phenomena.

New Music.—We have received from Messrs. Ditson, 711 Broadway, some new pieces, both vocal and instrumental, which we examined with the more expectation, because the Boston firm of that name has earned the gratitude of all who care for good music by publishing, year after year, the best compositions at prices barely remunerative. *Souvenirs d'Innsbruck*, a Tyrolienne, by Franz Bendal, is good in style, light and easy if not very original. *Souvenirs de la Harpe Éolienne*, by R. R. Wehner, is a pretty fancy, effective and good practice for arpeggios. That industrious writer, D. Krug, furnishes one of those exercises so highly esteemed by teachers, while the pill is as usual gilded with a taking title, *The Book of Love*, and a title-page with no less than six vignettes, representing a very youthful and very German lady and gentleman going through all the orthodox stages of the passion, with the regular adjuncts of woods, fountains, Gothic architecture, swords, trains, feathers, and finally a bevy of corpulent trumpeters preceding them to church. If all this will not induce little girls of ten years old to practise an hour a day on what might otherwise be called *A Study of Semiquavers in G*, then there is no saying what will. Our next picture title-page is apparently addressed to a weakness of maturer years; for we there find, besides a landscape and an arbor, a bottle of champagne, and are informed (still on the title-page) that the "scuppernong grape of North Carolina only needs proper management to produce a champagne equal to" etc., etc., etc. An ingenious advertisement, truly; and, as might be expected, the author of *The Sparkling Scuppernong Schottisch* only needs ideas and sufficient knowledge of harmony to tell him that the bass of a strain generally ends on the keynote, to produce a Schottisch equal to etc., etc., etc. Mr. Jerome Hopkins at least writes grammatically, and his song, "*A Bold and Gallant Soldier*," begins well, but ends, as does the soldier aforesaid, in disappointment. *The Tottie Don Polka and Galop*, by Charles French, is easy for small hands. *Bright Sunny Days*, by Alvin P. Hovey, and *Open thy Window*, by J. H. Hinton, ditto for small voices; and there is a song by Mr. J. R. Thomas which, with a little more point in the words, would have become, like so many of that gentleman's composition, a general favorite.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LITTELL & GAY, Boston.—Litell's Living Age. Vol. V. Fourth Series. April, June. Pp. 856. 1867.
M. W. DODD, New York.—The Household of Sir Thomas More. By the author of Mary Powell. Pp. 257.
Jacques Bonnaval. By the author of Mary Powell. Pp. 193. 1867.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Harpers' Hand-book for Trav-

ellers in Europe and the East. By W. Pembroke Petridge. Pp. 602. 1867.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Eugene Aram. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Pp. xxx., 2-6, 337. 1867.
Melpomene Divina; or, Poems on Christian Themes. By Christopher Laomedon Pindar. Pp. 310. 1867.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston.—Ereilia, or the Ordeal. Pp. 406. (London: T. Cantley Newby.) 1867.
P. O'SHEA, New York.—History of Blessed Margaret Mary, a Religious of the Institution of St. Mary; and of the Origin of Devotion to the Heart of Jesus. By Father Ch. Daniel, S.J. Pp. 504. 1867.
A. SIMPSON & Co., New York.—The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and Other Learned Men. By Fred. S. Cozzens. Pp. 213. 1867.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—What is Free Trade? By Emile Walter, a Worker. Pp. 158. 1867.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—Fact and Fiction. By S. Maria Child. Pp. 282. 1867.
A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.—A Complete Etymology of the English Language. By Wm. W. Smith. Pp. 323. 1867.
RICHARDSON & Co., New York.—Pleasantries about Courts and Lawyers of the State of New York. By Charles Edwards. Pp. 528. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—Diavola; or, Nobody's Daughter. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Pp. 358. 1867.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Alice Forbes of Howglen: A Novel. By George MacDonald, M.A. Pp. 171. 1867.
LEYBOLD & HOLT, New York.—In the Year '13; a tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated by Charles Lee Lewes. Pp. 299.
SAMUEL WELLS, New York.—Temperance in the American Congress. Pp. 43. 1867.
First Annual Report and Catalogue of the State Normal University, Wilmington, Delaware. Pp. 43. 1867.
Fourth Annual Report of the Long Island Historical Society. Pp. 88. 1867.

We have also received current issues of The Eclectic Magazine, Riverside Magazine, Herald of Health, and Phrenological Journal—New York.

LITERARIANA.

EXPOSITION correspondents have been making merry over recent French attempts at manufacturing English, some of which are laughable enough, but nothing in this line that we have seen lately can equal the delicious blundering of the worthy Senhores José da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino in their laudable efforts to acquaint the studious Portuguese and Brazilian youth with the beauties of our vernacular. Their discoveries are embodied in a little, square, green-covered 32mo, bearing the imprint of J.-P. Aillaud, Moalon e Ca., Paris, and called *O Novo Guia da Conversação em Portuguez e Inguez*, which is certainly destined to no obscure place among the curiosities of literature. No jest-book ever contained a tithe of the comicality that is crammed into its one hundred and eighty-two brief pages. It is a never-failing spring of amusement and delight; one is continually finding some fresh and exquisite tit-bit at every visit. Of course it is quite impossible to buy it for less than its weight in gold, which it is fully worth, and even at that price we do not envy the man who could consent to part, except under pressure of the direst necessity, with such a treasure. Brief notices of it have appeared in the *Easy Chair* of Harper's Monthly some five or six years ago, and more recently in the May number of *The Galaxy*. But the subject is far from being exhausted, more especially as neither of the notices referred to calls attention to what seems to us the very funniest thing about the book: the intrinsic evidence that its English was put together piecemeal from the dictionary, with pretty much the same effect as a child's first unsuccessful trials to put together a map-puzzle. Every word seems to have been translated separately, and left to stand by itself with the slightest possible relation to the context. Wherever the Portuguese is susceptible of more than one meaning, the translators show an unerring instinct for the wrong one. The English language seems to have been shaken up in their minds as dice are shaken in a box, and so tossed out helter-skelter on paper. It is curious and instructive to trace the processes through which this laborious mistranslation is evolved. Take, for instance, the proverb, *Pouco a pouco o passaro fez seu ninho*. The worthy translator turns to his dictionary, finds *pouco* in one of its senses to mean "few," and so favors us with the "familiar idiotism," "Few, few [sic] the bird make her nest." "Such master, such valet," as a concise version of *Talamo, tal criadão*, must have seemed to the Portuguese mind a very triumph of translation. It is harder to understand how, in rendering *Mais vale um passaro na mão, que cem voando*, MM. da Fonseca and Carolino could have so widely shunned the almost palpable English equivalent, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Perhaps a desire to be unusually elegant or idiomatic lured them into the labyrinths of the language to discover that "A take is better than two you shall have." The same fatal ambition is, doubtless, answerable for such surprising combinations as "The wise understand to half-word," for *A bom intendedor poucos palavras bastao*; "To promise gold's mounts," for *Prometter montes de oro*; "Which not risk nothing has any thing," for *Quem nada arrisca nem perde, nem ganha*; "It wants not to dispute on passions," for *Sobre a gosto nao há disputa (de gustibus, etc.)*; "He is not so devil as he is black," for *Nao é tao feio como o pintao*; "Who is alike to meets one's," for *Cada ovelha com a sua parrelha* ("Birds of a feather," etc.) Still in these versions, ornate as they are, there is still to be found some trace of the meaning of the original; sense is not quite subordinated to ele-

gance. MM. da Fonseca and Carolino, however, can do much better, and in many cases diligent research fails to find in the original the faintest warrant for the extraordinary liberties they have taken with the English language. Who for instance could ever expect to find in the simple adage, *E mais conhecido que o ruivo* (literally, "He is better known than a yellow dog"), the recalcitrant announcement that "he is more known what Barrabas to the passion?" or by what inconceivable process is it possible to extract from *Agua molle em pedra dura, tanto dá até que fura* ("Continual dropping wears away the stone") the Sybilline utterance, "To force to forge becomes smith?"

By a similar feat of intellectual legerdemain, *Quem se pica alhos come* (literally, "An angry man eats garlic") is transformed into "that which feel one's snooty blow blow one's nose;" and *Metter uma lingua em Africa* (probably an equivalent for "carry the war into Africa") becomes "To find the magpie's nest." It will be seen from this that our authors follow for the most part Horace's rule for translation, aiming at the spirit rather than a servile adherence to the letter, or, in their own forcible words, "To take a thing to near of the letter;" but in an occasional divergence into Prof. Longfellow's manner they are equally felicitous. What, for example, could be a better or more exact rendering of *Come até mais não poder*, than "he eat until to can't move?" of *Quem busca acha*, than "which looks for find?" or of *Tomar a occasiao pelos cabellos*, than "take the occasion for the hairs?" How inferior in force to this latter effort is our English saying, "Take time by the forelock!" There are many amusing evidences throughout the book that the translation was made through the medium of a French dictionary. For example, *Elle pesca em agua turva* is rendered, "He sin in trouble water," the French *pêcher* being easily mistaken for *pêcher*, though it is afterwards given with a nearer approach to correctness, "He fish into a muddy water;" and again, *Fugir do fogo e cair nas brasas* ("To jump from the frying-pan into the fire") becomes "to dig of fire and to fall on small coals," from a similar confounding of *fuir* with *fourir*. The conjunction *que* is a perpetual puzzle to the good Portuguese, being converted indifferently into "than," "as," "who," "which," "what," "that," "but" with a charming innocence of relevancy. *Cao que ladra nao morde* becomes "The dog than bark not bite;" *Elle deve mais dinheiro do que pesa*, "He is more in debt but he weight;" *Mais vale só que mal acompanhado*, "It is better be single as a bad company." Errors in the proof contribute their quota to the merits of this charming book. Apparently, the accomplished translators forgot the correct reading between sending their work to press and getting the proof. "He turns as a weath' turrel," "They shunt him the door in face," are mild instances. MM. da Fonseca and Carolino's "familiar phrases" and "dialogues," *For to wish the good morning, For to dress himself*, and the like, are equally good, but space will not permit us to quote as freely as we are tempted to do. We learn, however, from *Dialogue 43*, that if Senhor da Fonseca should ask us, "Do you compose without doubt also some small discourses in English?" it would be the correct thing to answer, "Not yet I don't make that some exercises;" should he continue to enquire if we "speak English always?" we shall boldly reply, "Some times; though I flay it yet" (which is entirely credible); whereupon our amiable interlocutor would kindly assure us, "You jest, you does express you self very well." After their practice in these dialogues, one is not surprised at the proficiency which the translators attain in their longer flights. Their narrative style, as shown in the anecdotes which enliven the volume, is quite equal to their didactic.

Here is an old story so delightfully told as to seem quite new:

"One-eyed was laied against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. 'I had gain, over said the one eyed; why I see you two eyes, and you not look me who one.'"

This also is very good, when one unriddles the intricacy of the style, which is somewhat involute:

"A tavern-keeper not had fail to tell the's boys, spoken of these which drank at home since you will understand:—'Those gentlemen to sing in chorus, give them the less quality's wine.'"

The anecdotes conclude with a most affecting recital of "a blind":

"At the middle of a night very dark, a blind was walk in the streets with a light on the hand and a full jar upon the back. Some one which ran do meet him, and surprised of that light: 'Simple that you are, told him, what serve you this light?' The night and the day are not them the same thing by you?—It is not for me, was answering the blind, that I bring this light, it is to the and that the giddle switch seem to you do not come to run against me, and make to break my jar.'"

This is what MM. da Fonseca and Carolino can do in translation. The preface shows their facility in original English composition *docti sermones utriusque lingue*. With this we must conclude, though even now the reader will have but faint idea of the intense comicality of the book. This is the Preface; it has been quoted before, but will bear repetition:

"A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms, and de-spoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of others nations that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and dividing the present little

work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order; and the second forty-three Dialogues adapted to the usual professions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety of our own expressions to English and Portuguese idioms; without to teach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the Portuguese pupils, or-foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

"We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idioms, proverbs, and to second a coin's index.

"The Works which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these Works full of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those Works the figured pronunciation of the English words, nor the prosodial accent in the Portuguese; indispensable object, whom wish to speak the English and Portuguese languages correctly.

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The last paragraph is a gem.

MR. T. BUCHANAN READ, on the conclusion of a tour in Maine, where he now is, will sail for Europe.

MR. CHARLES H. BRAINARD is preparing, for use next winter, a lecture on the life and genius of John G. Whittier.

THE REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE, who is recommended as a lecturer by Messrs. Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson, announces a lecture on *John Brown: a Lesson of American Manhood*.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS, of Williams College, will next winter deliver a course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF, who has already accepted engagements to deliver a course of lectures next fall at different points in Massachusetts and Connecticut, has, in addition to his usual readings, two new lectures,—*Molière* and *Our Mother-Tongue and How we use it*.

MR. WILLIAM L. ALDEN, hitherto editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has relinquished that position to Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, formerly a correspondent of *The Herald*, in order to devote his time to a book which he is preparing for the press.

MR. E. G. SQUIER, now in Paris, is engaged upon an elaborate work on Peru.

PROF. HUBERT A. NEWTON, of Yale College, has added to Eaton's *Common School Arithmetic* a brief treatise on the metric system of weights and measures, on which the candidates for admission to the academic and scientific departments of Yale are henceforth to pass examination.

THE REV. CYRUS BYINGTON, for many years a Presbyterian missionary to the Chickasaws and Choctaws, has, with the assistance of the Rev. C. C. Copeland, completed the translation of the Pentateuch into Choctaw—the New Testament and parts of the Old having already been printed in that language by the American Bible Society. Mr. Byington is about coming to New York to put the book to press.

MR. S. J. AHERN—for some seven years the publisher of *The Albion*, and also for some time connected with the business department of *The Times*—has purchased one-half of *The Evening Gazette*, which will henceforth be published by Sweetser & Ahern.

THE REV. C. T. BROOKS will publish, in the autumn, a translation of *The Layman's Breviary*.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS. have in preparation *The Me-*

moirs and Correspondence of Madame Seetchine, a companion volume, we suppose, to those of Madame Récamier, since the ladies were friends and contemporaries.

THE GLOBE edition of Bulwer, of which Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have issued *Eugene Aram* as the third volume, will be completed in twenty-two volumes, all of which they have already stereotyped and will publish rapidly. The next issue of this very attractive edition, we believe, is to be *The Last of the Barons*.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS announce as nearly ready for publication Major Ross King's *Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada*, with notes on the natural history of the game, game birds, and fish of the Dominion. The book will be elaborately illustrated with chromolithographs and wood-engravings. They also announce a cheap edition of *Guy Livingstone* and Mr. Arthur Sketchley's new book, *Mrs. Brown's Visit to the Paris Exhibition*.

ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., London, have published, through George Routledge & Sons for this country, Professor Plumptre's *Boyle Lectures* for last winter, the subject being *Christ and Christendom*.

PROF. CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor in Columbia College, but best known by his *Classical Dictionary* and his copiously annotated editions—some fifty in number—of Greek and Latin authors, died on Monday last at his home in New York, in the seventieth year of his age.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS is said to be indefatigable in her attendance upon the Surratt trial, with the design of drawing from it the materials for a novel, in emulation perhaps of Mr. Cyrus Redding, whose novel, *A Wife and Not a Wife*, is founded on the notorious Yelverton case.

SOUTHERN EPISCOPALIANS—those, that is, of the dioceses of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee—are bestirring themselves to build a university, which, we understand, is to be located in the last-named state. The movement, we presume, is a High Church one, as otherwise Kenyon ought to be able to supply all that is needed. The example of Trinity, with its signal failure, is enough to forbid sanguine expectations from the new institution; but circumstances alter cases, and enthusiasm may be abundant now which was wanting before.

NEWSPAPERS for our negro population, such at least as are edited and published by them, are eight in number, published in San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Cincinnati. One of these, that one published at New Orleans, is a daily with an issue of 10,000, the others being weekly, and with an average circulation of perhaps 3,000, which, all things considered, is by no means a discouraging condition of things when we remember how much more numerous their readers are likely to become within a few years.

FROM the intelligence of newspapers made by *The Printer's Register* it appears that during this year the Roman Catholics have added seven newspapers and reviews to their previously existing journals in England. A forthcoming evangelical paper is to be entitled *The Christian*. At Edinburgh *The Free-lance* is to be established for the discussion of "vexed questions of theological, social, and political science." The *Adullamites*, it is said, not dismayed by the failure of *The Day*, purpose having a journal of the size and price of *The Saturday Review*. And among new journals whose titles explain their purpose are *The Athletic Review* and *The Sock and Buskin*.

A NEW English monthly is *The St. Alban's Magazine*, edited by one of the clergy of the somewhat famous church whose name it bears.

A MME. OLYMPIE AUDOVARDE, has had in Paris this experience of red tape. She directs the *Revue Cosmopolite*, and, desiring to turn it into a political journal, made the necessary application to the Minister of the Interior, who declined on the ground that it is legally impossible to give such a permit "except to a Frenchman of full age, enjoying his civil and political rights"—an evidence of unenlightenment that must fill with indignation the souls of Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Blackwell, and their advanced sisterhood.

IN Turin has appeared a new international literary review called *Bollettino Bibliografico*, which is written in Italian, French, German, and Spanish.

THE second volume of the *Ballads and Romances* of Bishop Percy's folio manuscript is in type, but delays in the preparation of some of the notes oblige its publication piecemeal. Part I. is to be issued at once, Part II. and the second part of the *Loose and Humorous Songs* in September, and the third of the four volumes in October.

HERR F. H. STRATMANN has published the sixth part of his *Dictionary of English in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries*—extending from *Schadonen* (to shadow) to *Todroghen* (draw to pieces).

GEN. GREY's new book on Prince Albert, "compiled," says the announcement, "under the direction of her Majesty the Queen," is advertised for early publication under the title of *The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort*.

M. LOUIS BLANC is said to have collected the private papers of the Emperor Maximilian, with a view toward a work upon the unfortunate prince.

HERR W. HARRING—the blind "Walter Scott of Germany" who writes as W. Alexis—has received from the King of Prussia the cross and pension of the Knights of Hohenzollern—the first time the order has been conferred upon a poet.

MR. W. HEPPWORTH DIXON, according to a rumor apparently generally credited, but which *Public Opinion* intimates is doubtful, has been offered and declined the dignity of knighthood.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE has prepared for the press an account of a journey made in Arabia by his brother, W. Gifford Palgrave.

MR. GERHARD ROHLES has just returned to England after a two years' journey, his third, through and beyond Sahara. Entering it from Tripoli, he went, via Ghadames and Murzuk, to Lake Chad, was unable to procure a safe conduct eastward to Waday, so descended south along the Benue to its confluence with the Niger, whence he made his way through Yarriba to Lagos in the Gulf of Benin, where he took steamer for home. He will publish a narrative of his travels in due time.

MISS MARGUERITE POWER, who is just dead, was known somewhat as a contributor to light literature, her best book having been a narrative of Egyptian travel. Her death, however, is chiefly noteworthy in that she was a niece of Lady Blessington, much of whose elegance and charms she is described as having possessed, and was the last survivor of the brilliant circle of Gore House, itself now no more.

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE has returned from Spain, where, as we long ago mentioned, he has been gathering from the records of the Inquisition and Government archives portions of the material for the remaining volumes of his history.

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